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VOLUME 20 NUMBER 7

PLEASE PLEASE ME!

FIT GIRL GINNY STRIPS IN THE GYM

CUTE COVER GIRL LUCY SAYS 'CUDDLE MY BOOBS!'

SEXY STAR WINONA RYDER SAYS 'I'M HORNY!'

IF ONLY EVERYTHING IN LIFE WAS AS SEXY AS CLUB!

THE HOME OF HORNY WOMEN

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IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOV

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

MEN'S WORLD

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 7 £1.75

IT S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

DUOGANTIC!
Britain's Biggest Busty Birds Breast to Breast WOW!

BIG! BIG! BIG! BIGGEST BUMper Issue Yet YEAH! It's all there!

TWIN PEEKS
Naked Nuderama
Eat Your Doughnut!
AND THERE'S MORE!

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOV

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

We do not allow office affairs at the palatial Club HQ. Bonking people bandy, rampant chopper gobbling, random nibbling of women's bits — that's all fine and dandy. Affairs, though, are trouble, and they're banned.

Which makes life very difficult when you find Ginny and maintenance man Dwight G Spanner at it for the third time in that den of vice, the cleaner's cupboard. The Ed stumbled in after his usual liquid lunch thinking it was his mahogany panelled office next door, and tripped over a squealing pile of arms and legs. They say it's just third time lucky: however, the office administrator and toilet attendant (or Editor to you) wasn't quite sure whether three bonks constitutes an affair or not.

In an effort to sort things out, the Ed consulted legal supremo Bazza Brief, who kindly produced this consultative table for circulation to all departments on official company memorandum paper in triplicate (retain top copy, make green copy into paper aeroplane, hand brown copy to toilet attendant):

One bonk = 'I've shagged her'; two bonks = 'I'm screwing her'; three bonks = 'we're having an affair'; ten bonks = 'we're just good friends, honest'; 100 bonks = 'I know we've both had a lot of time off, but it's this virus which is going around'; 0 bonks = 'actually, we're married'.

The Editor still wasn't sure about all this so he decided not to worry about it and went down the pub instead.

We would like to take this opportunity to dispel a number of rather unsavoury rumours which have been circulating concerning the Editor and Bazza Brief. "We're just good friends," commented Mr Brief from the cleaner's cupboard. "Honest." ♣

Get up at the crack of Dawn

Mel–bent on pleasure!

Tanya's a rear admirable!

We love Lucy!

Work up a sweat with Ginny

Cuddle up to Laura

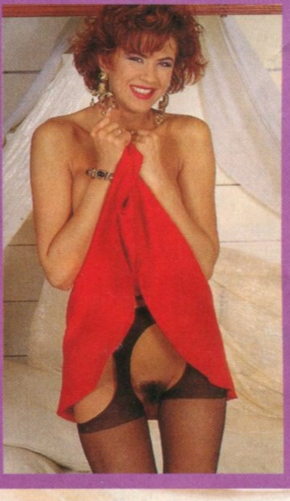
COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

"Good golly, Miss Molly!" came the cry from your lips after you feasted your eyes on 23-year-old Hungarian-born beauty, Beatrice. She's the lady who melts hearts, and much more besides, in her hometown of Budapest because of her remarkable similarity to sensuous American film star, Molly Ringwald.

One man who's obviously got an eye for a beautiful girl is Steve from Dorset, who said, and we quote, "Wow-wee! Beatrice certainly does look pretty in the pink, how does she fancy cementing East-West relations back at my gaff a week on Saturday? She's one Red I wouldn't mind having *in* the bed!"

Steve, we couldn't have put it better ourselves... Well actually we could, but we don't like to boast. ♣



IN·THE·BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Quick On The Draw...

First of all let me say how much I enjoy your magazine. I'm a lesbian and I love looking at all the gorgeous girls that you feature.

I especially liked Vol 20 No 5, and in particular the lovely girl called Cassie on page 15. She had a really beautiful face and her suggestive smile made me feel incredibly horny!

Cassie said that she used to work as a model at the local art college. Well Cassie, how do you fancy coming round to my place and posing for me? — Just the two of us! — *Gillian, Shrewsbury*

Removal Romp

I'm an attractive 22-year-old woman who has been fortunate enough to be blessed with a good figure which measures in at 38-24-36. I didn't lose my virginity until I was 19-years-old. But when I did it was a very memorable experience.

That day I was making my way into the centre of town to do some shopping when my route was blocked by two guys who were moving a sofa from a removal van into a large house. Both of them were in their mid twenties and dressed in blue overalls with name badges sewn on the lapels. One of them, James, had shoulder-length brown hair tied up in a pony tail. The other, Mike, had short blond hair slicked well back with hair gel.

They apologised for blocking my path, and as they tried to move the sofa out of the way they were anything but subtle as they both gazed at my tits. My eyes strayed down to their packets, and I could see the blue material of their overalls straining at the crotch. The sight of two blokes getting turned on like that made me feel very moist in my knickers. After a little bit of saucy banter the two of them carried on into the house.

As they did so I thought I'd have a little peek inside their van and my eyes lit up as soon as I saw the single bed in the back. As I stood there they came out of the house and without thinking I jumped in.

When they came round to the back of the van their eyes almost popped out as they saw me there with a suggestive smile on my face. "Well, boys," I said enticingly. "Fancy giving me a ride in your van?"

The two of them eagerly jumped in and shut the doors. Straight away I felt two pairs of hands running over my body. James and Mark positioned themselves on either side of me and they both got undressed. I quickly followed suit and soon both Mark and James were lying on the bed wearing nothing, while I lay there with only a skimpy pair of knickers and a lacy white bra on. Before I knew it James was down between my legs and he pulled my panties to one side and started licking my wet pussy. I held onto his long hair and ground his face into my pussy mound.

Mark had unclasped my bra, letting my big tits fall free, and he started sucking my swollen nipples. It felt wonderful to be totally seduced like this and I lay back getting incredibly turned on. James seemed to know exactly where to lick my cunt and I almost fell off the bed as I thrashed around wildly. James looked up then, his face coated with my

Stinky Poos!

Ash Tray Pot Pourri
Ash Tray Pot Pourri
Ash Tray Pot Pourri
Ash Tray Pot Pourri
CP 3

Sick and tired of that smoker in the corner of the office polluting the air and generally stinking the place out? Well, so were we, so we sacked the bastard (only joking — they smoke so many fags in this office you wouldn't know the

Dear Amanda,

My eyes almost popped out of my head when I saw your pictures in Club Vol 20 No 5.

One of my favourite fantasies is to fuck a beautiful girl like you in a jacuzzi. Let me tell you about it...

We'd gently slip into the water and I'd kiss you all over, starting with those tits. I'd suck your swollen buds, paying them special attention before you command me to go down further. I'd lick my way down your stomach and then lift you out of the jacuzzi, sit you on the side and spread your legs. I'd slowly lick around the insides of your thighs and then get to work on your pussy. How does that sound, Amanda? — *Gregg, Tooting*

Sounds like a lot of fun, Gregg! I've had sex in a lot of unusual places, but never in a jacuzzi. All that cool water lapping around my hot thighs sounds like a dream come true. The way your letter turned me on is anything but a dream! At the moment I've got two fingers inside my pussy as I imagine you're screwing me beside the jacuzzi. My body is so wet and slippery, but you manage to hold onto me and fuck me 'doggy style'. I love a guy who shags me from behind. I don't know why — but I love it! As you pump harder into me, I'm reaching down and playing with my clitty. Now, how does that sound to you, Gregg?— ***Amanda*** ♣

place had burned down till you tapped your ash and your hand fell off).

Unfortunately it isn't always that easy, but don't despair, you could always try *Kitty Little's Ash Tray Pot Pourri*. All you have to do is to sprinkle a layer of the stuff in the bottom of the offending ashtray and the hot cigarette ash reacts with the pot pourri to produce a pungent, sort-of-flowery smell. Now this all sounds idyllic but Kitty Little made one vital mistake... *Kitty Little's Ash Tray Pot Pourri* smells exactly like *Shake 'N' Vac* — only ten times stronger, so it's only a matter of time before you'll be begging the chimney in your life to come back and pollute the air again! ♣

sticky juices, and I pulled him up from between my slim legs.

Then I moved from the bed and told James and Mark to lie back and relax. As I looked at both of them, their cocks standing up proudly, I was spoilt for choice! I set to work on James' cock first. I kissed his cock, before peeling back his foreskin and running my tongue along his shaft, and then I enveloped his length with my wet mouth. He groaned as my willing lips sucked his cock into the hollow of my cheeks, and then right down my throat until I could tease the

continued on page 16

TOP TEN CORNER

1. Michaela Strachan — *TV presenter*
2. Ellis Ward — *TV presenter*
3. Josie Lawrence — *comedienne*
4. Jakki Brambles — *disc jockey*
5. Selina Scott — *TV presenter*
6. Sarah Green — *TV presenter*
7. Susan Tully — *actress*
8. Elizabeth Carling — *actress*
9. Betty Boo — *singer*
10. Diana Weston — *actress*
Paul, Oxford ♣

Photographs by Michael Moore

Camille

If you're ever in South London and you're lucky enough to come across a tall, blonde haired girl by the name of Camille, be warned — keep a close eye on your balls! Sounds kinky? We'll let her explain...

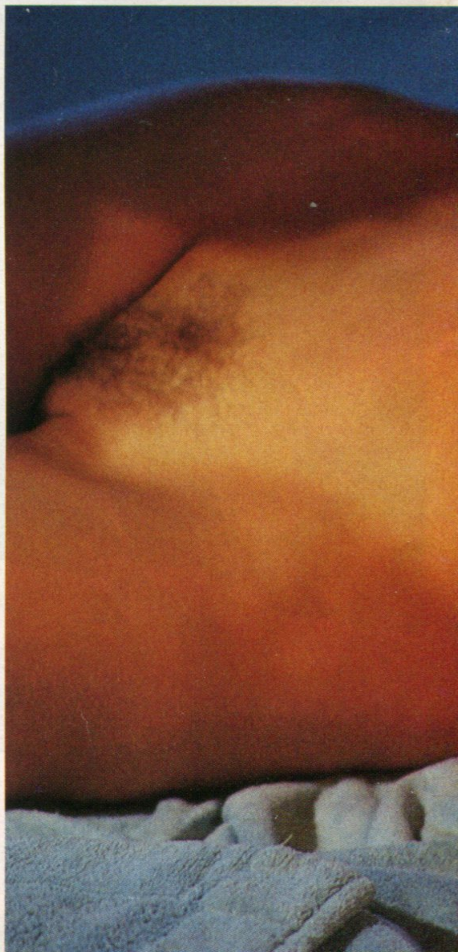
"It all started about a year ago. There was this guy I really fancied, but however hard I tried, I couldn't get him away from his snooker game. The only way I could think to get a date was challenging him to a match.

"I had an unfair advantage, though," reveals Camille. "Every time I leaned over the table, my little skirt rode

right up and it was all he could do to keep his eyes on the match! I did win in the end, and I claimed my prize — the guy's cock!

"Let's just say that he managed to pot the pink with a long deep screw — and without a rest!"

Sounds interesting — tell us more, Camille! ♣



TOP TITS

Our mamm-oth trek across the world brings us to the land of looting, pillaging and Brigitte Nielsen — Denmark. Fans of the Great Dane will know that her legendary jobblies aren't actually of Danish origin: the space between those blubbalubbas isn't called silicon valley for nothing.

Plastic paps are all very well, but every true mound maniac knows they're no substitute for the real thing. I was determined to find out if your average Helga's funbags are the 100 % natural and organic items we true breast fans demand. There was only one way to do it — hands-on research.

Manhandling a nation's mammaries was an exhausting experience, but it was worth it: I can now report that only three breasts in Denmark harbour rubber substitutes under their inviting curves.

The pert pair on display here are guaranteed additive free and come exclusively with the George Breast seal of approval. And I even wiped my finger marks off afterwards! — *George Breast* ♣

GOBBLE!

*You know something funny is going on when **Nathaniel Fatbastard** is doing his gaff up. But would you believe that Cupid has struck? Sounds impossible? Read on and everything will be revealed...*

Call me a wanker but ever since I've been a teenager, if I've had to erect something, I've taken matters into my own hands. Yes, when I do-it-myself I really come into my own. With my trusty drill in my hand, I can bang away for hours purely for my own pleasure, or, if desired, put something up for other people's benefit as well. Many a woman has asked me to dip my bristly four-incher in the pot or give her front porch a quick lick — knowing I won't get anything over her knockers. And when it comes to wallpapering, if you want something well-hung, I'm your man.

These days there are plenty of places a guy can go if he fancies knocking something up at the weekend. DIY warehouses have sprung up so quickly I can't help wondering whether they're built from parts available in other DIY warehouses. Within throwing-up distance of my Catford pied a terre, there's a big F 'n' Q (its name derives from its acute shortage of check-outs) and a gigantic DIY emporium formed by the merger of Do-It-All and Payless called Do It Less but Pay For It All. Most Sundays I can be found in one or the other looking for a screw or something to hammer away at on my work bench. The only DIY place I won't go to is one the wrong side of the curtain tracks in Peckham. There some psychopath went mad and killed three members of staff with a Bonk and Dicker rechargeable jigsaw (£45.99) when they said didn't have any Bolux barley white solid emulsion (£7.99 a litre) in stock. Even now, although hardly anybody saw it, people in Lewisham still talk about the Texas Chainstore Massacre.

Early Sunday morning, like most, if you'd called round chez Fatbastard, you'd have caught me doing something up. This time it's the spare bedroom where I shag any bit of spare. So, on the Saturday before, I went to F 'n' Q (Corrugated Unit 91, Karl Marx Industrial Estate, Wasteground, Catford) to buy my materials. The first thing I looked for was wallpaper paste. Make sure you get one with spunkicide in which prevents the paper going mouldy if you get it damp at any time — essential for a spare bedroom. I opted for

CAPTAIN CASH-IN

*Remember folks, charity super-hero **Captain Cash-In** is only here to help the needy... unless you've got blonde hair, big tits and an accomodating nature!*

From Des in Hampstead,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
My interior design business recently went bust and the repayments on my palatial six bedroomed house are a bugger to keep up. Please could you send me a couple of grand to keep me in the style to which I've become accustomed.

Captain Cash-In Says: *You must be joking! Who do you think I am — the fucking DSS, or summat? Get a bloody job you lazy bastard.*

From Jack in Liverpool,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
I was so happy to see your new column! It's so nice to know that someone in this world cares, so I'm sending you £200 that I've saved up from my pension to donate to a charity of your choice.

Captain Cash-In Says: *Cheers, pal (hic)! You're a (burp) fucking treasure.*

From an anonymous admirer,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
We have your mother-in-law captive. She is okay but unless you leave £10,000 in used tenners in a plain paper bag under the third wash basin from the right in Victoria Station at 10 pm on Thursday, we'll start sending her back in pieces. Come alone. No funny business.

Captain Cash-In Says: *Do us a favour and keep the old bag. If you are cutting bits off her, I suggest you start with her tongue.*

From a former Coventry United goalkeeper, Isle of White,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
I was put onto this planet to spread the word of The Truth. Time is running out for me, I mean all of us. The Godhead tells me, that, erm, Mother Earth is... oh, sod this lark!

Look Captain, you've got to help me. I met this gorgeous blonde tart in Canada recently. The wife found out so I made up this story about me and her being The Children of God — I'd had a bit too much of the free booze on the flight over, you know. Thing is she's moved in with us now and it's costing me a bloody fortune.

Christ, I've really landed myself in it this time. Please send me some money.

Captain Cash-In Says: *Say no more, David... er sorry, John. Cor, what a scam that was with that bird at Gatwick, getting 'er to move in with the wife! It'll be three in a bed sessions next, you lucky bastard! A cheque for £2000 is on the way, and give 'em one for me, mate!* ♣

Jollycell (£1.50 a bag) which makes up to a gallon of white translucent goo that looks like an bull elephant has had a wank in your bucket.

For the rest of the stuff I recommend you go to the trade counter. Here you can buy all the materials used by the professionals including Trade Nearly-White Emulsion (£1.50 for 20 litres), Trade Ceiling Paper with Curly Edges (99p a roll) and Ill-fitting Trade Jeans (£4.99), guaranteed to show off your buttocks like a pair of pink blancmanges. I once asked my plumber why he insists on displaying the top half of his cheeks, then I saw where he kept his sandwich when his hands were full.

Anyway, back at the store, I plumped for a six foot curtain pole shaped like a knob (£10.99) and four lengths of chipboard (£6.99 a metre) for shelving. In case you don't know, chipboard is ideal for DIY. It's cheap and easy to use, being made out of thousands of little bits of wood reformed into a solid block — a bit like a lump of beaver shit.

Back home, after a few cans of Carlsburp Suicidal Brew (£1.99), it was time to get down to it. Now being an expert, many a woman has been impressed by my little wrinkles and how quickly everything seems to straighten out once they've grasped them. Take wallpapering. Preparing the walls is a bit like cleaning your Y-fronts, it's as well to scrape the worst bits off before you wash them. Personally, I can't be arsed, and just put the paper straight on top of the previous lot.

Secondly, never buy a paper with a pattern. You stand as much chance of the rolls matching as in a British Rail buffet. Stick with plain white, and if you must have a design, get one of those paint stencils and do it that way.

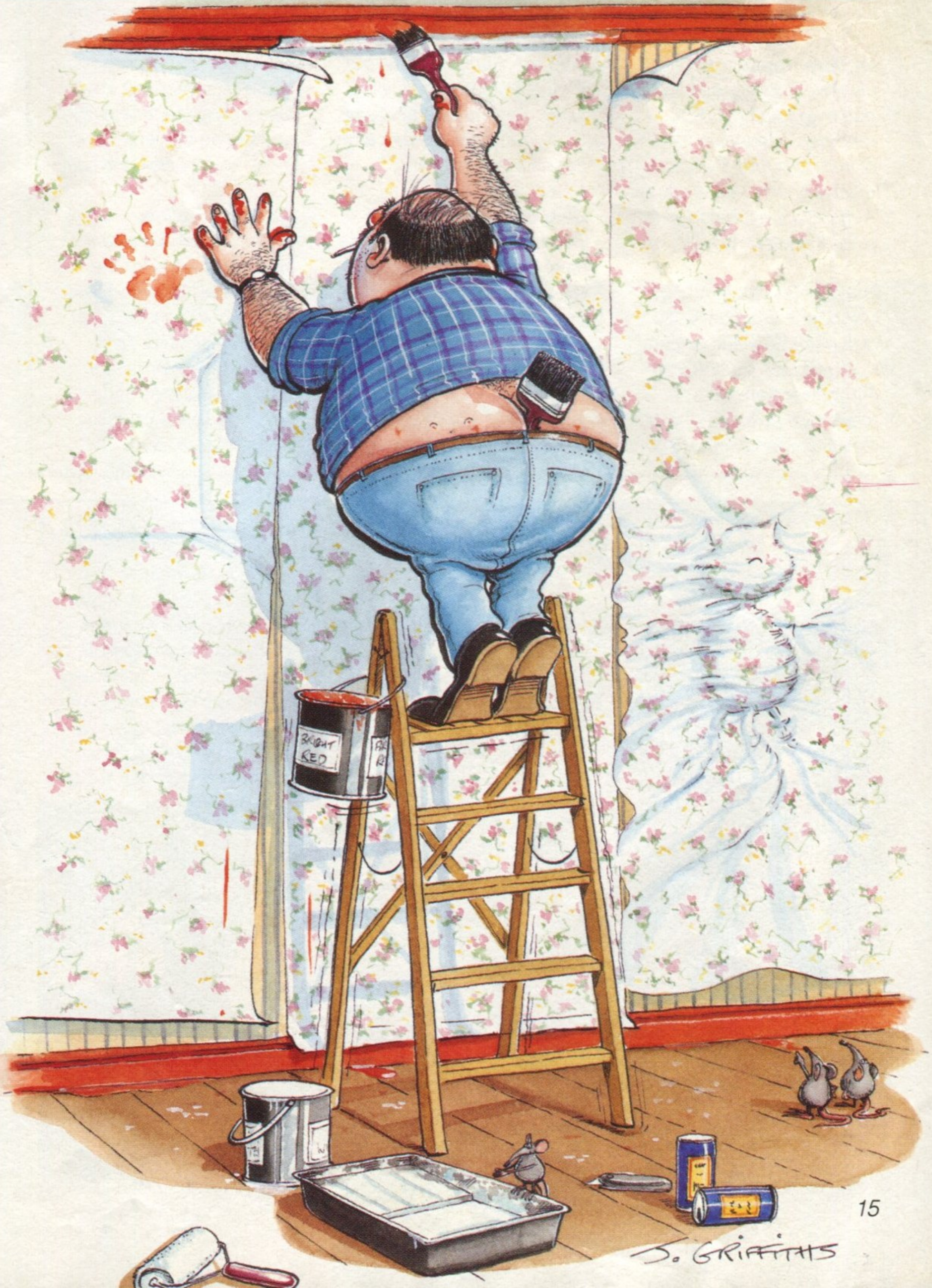
Talking of painting, doing the woodwork can be a real pain in the arse. This is one of the few jobs, apart from shagging, where careful and thorough preparation can save a lot of bother later. You must sand down the existing paint before you gloss over it. If you don't, you wind up with worse runs than after a local seafood salad in Southend.

Now you've got your paint, your paper and your pail of elephant cum, so off you go. 6/4 on, as soon as you climb your aluminium step ladder (Stainsbury's Homebastard £14.99) some religious looney will knock on your door asking if you have ever thought about life after death. Now anybody can touch me for a fiver, but those cunts never stop. Only the other day a weedy young girl came up to me in the pub and asked if I was interested in the hereafter .

"Not 'alf, love," I replied. "And if you're not here after what I'm here after, I'll be here after you've pissed off."

Witty as well as practical, that's me.

Now you may be wondering what an international media man is doing worrying about the state of his penthouse apartment. Has Nat gone soft? you ask. As any girl will tell you, that's never been a problem of mine. No, it's just that... well... there's this woman, see. You might know her as she also writes for Club — Ninja's the name. Well, I saw her in the office the other week and well, she's got nawks on her like two nuclear submarines bobbing about in the dock at Dunoon. She's coming round next week, and says she'll touch up my balustrades if I'll strip down her skirting. Now, that's my kind of woman... ♣



HATS OFF TO PHILIPS...

Bored with being a nobody? Well you won't be with a Phillips *Discoverer*!

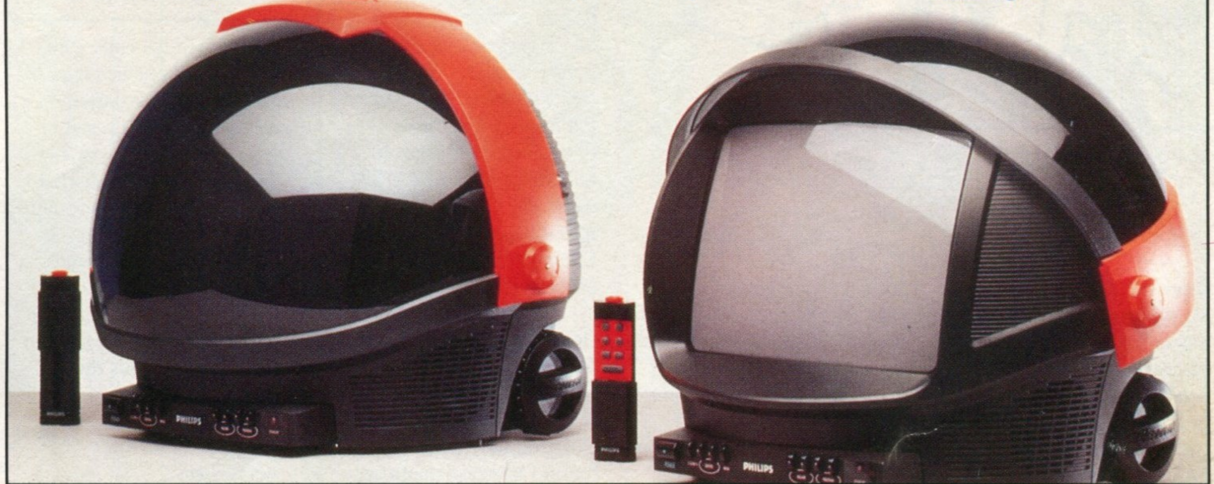
Not content with producing some of the most exciting electrical goods in the world, those technical whizz-kids at Phillips have come up with the very last word in fancy dress.

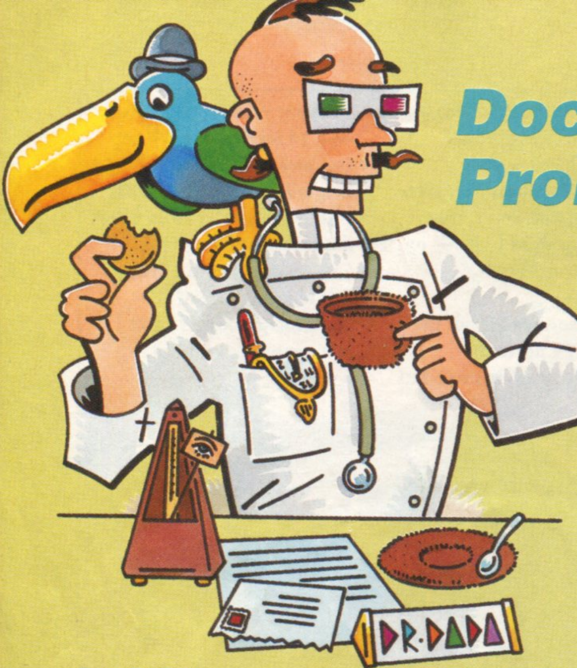
Imagine the vast number of friends you'll make when you arrive at the party looking and sounding exactly like a whole host of internationally famous film and TV stars! Imagine being able to talk like Peter Sissons at the flick of a switch!

All you have to do is purchase a Phillips *Discoverer* TV helmet and you can be anyone you want to be — on any of four different channels!

The *Discoverer* has all the features of a normal motorcycle crash helmet, but with one cunning addition — a 14 inch colour TV set complete with volume, brightness, tone and colour.

So when you're tired after a hard night being Mel Gibson and Thora Hird, this hi-tech piece of equipment doubles as an ordinary television set! Amazing! ♣





Doctor Dada's Problem Page

Dear Dr Dada,
My husband Alf and I enjoy sex doggy fashion. Recently, however, Alf's nose has been all hot and dry and he has refused to eat his *Winalot* prior to lovemaking. What should I do?

Mrs Doberman, Borough

Dr Dada replies: *A clockwork fish does indeed make an ideal gift. But remember: a bidet isn't just for Christmas. And if you're a lobster don't forget that August is the ideal time to plant the parsley.*

Dear Dr Dada,
I wonder if you can settle an argument between me and my mate. He says that the verbs "to inflate" and "to felate" are so similar that that must be the reason why it's called a blow-job, even though there's no blowing.

I say he's talking complete crap. What do you reckon?

Mr Entrance, Bermondsey

Dr Dada replies: *All three of you are correct, Yuri! Electro-magnets transmit rays which can make sago sing like Sandie Shaw, but they also make endives swell. A good rule of thumb is: if you're not certain, then flatten a bowler hat.*

Dear Dr Dada,
Recently my girlfriend and I have been experimenting with different sexual positions. At the moment she is campaigning for a return to old-style family values and I am a gay rights activist. Neither of us seem to be getting much pleasure out of it. What are we doing wrong?

Mr Picklesham, Southwark

Dr Dada replies: *Well, Rick, I always add a flaccid stopwatch and a damp umbrella to my soups. Why not give it a try? You'll find it enhances the texture and makes consommes as tasty as telephone receivers. Must dash, my corset's just about cooked. Love to Ethelred the talking breezeblock!*

Dear Dr Dada,
A few weeks ago my boyfriend, Jim, and I tried to spice up our sex life. Unfortunately when I rubbed tandoori paste on his private parts he came out in a rash. Are there any other exotic herbs you could recommend? He is also allergic to lime pickle and prawn biriyani.

Mrs Boil, Penicuik

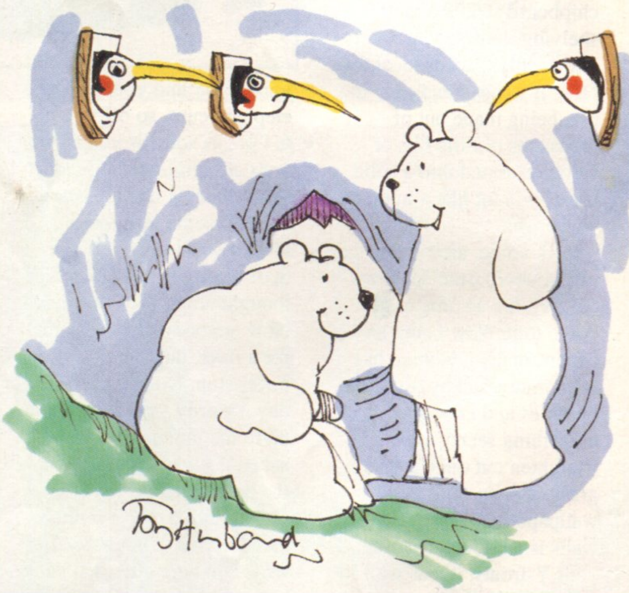
Dr Dada replies: *Guttering can be a real legal nightmare for the first time buyer, Bertrand. My advice is to consult your chiropodist. If he can't deliver the onions, then buy a coal-bunker and smear* Marmite *on the affected area.* ♣

IN·THE·BAG

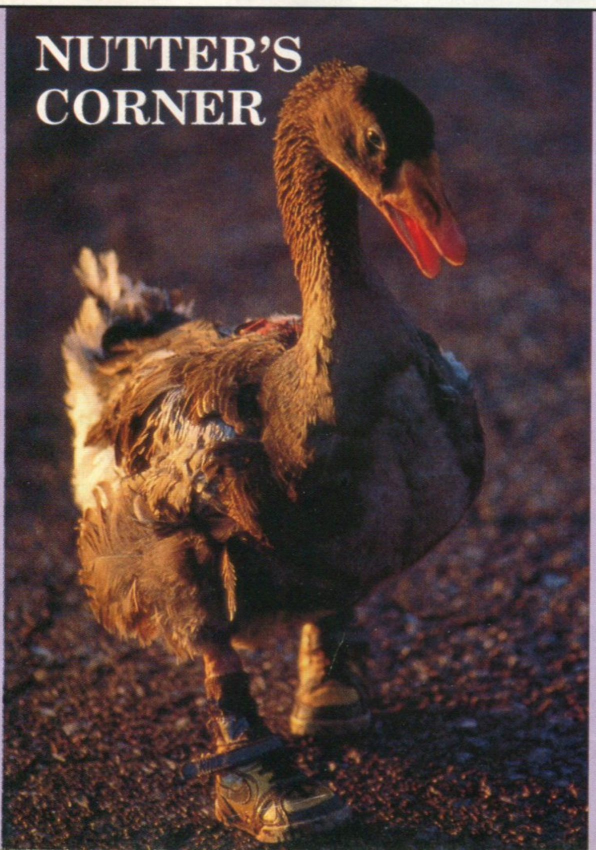
continued from page 7

underside of his balls with my tongue. I reached over to Mark's cock and started rubbing my hand up and down his swollen shaft, but Mark wasn't to be satisfied with that and he rose from the bed and positioned himself behind me. I felt his hands part my bum cheeks and spread my legs wide apart. I felt my wet cunt spread open as Mark nudged his thick cock against my cunt lips, teasing me by rubbing his cock along my sopping slit, before pushing his meat deep inside me. I moaned and gasped with pleasure as he thrust in and out. With every thrust from Mark I swallowed James even deeper, and it was only a matter of seconds before I felt James release his sticky load into my mouth.

Mark's thrusts then started to get faster and deeper, and I



NUTTER'S CORNER

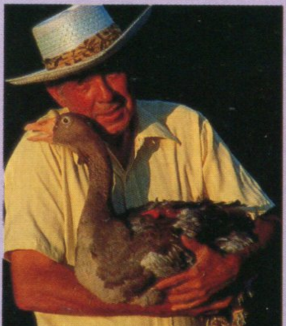


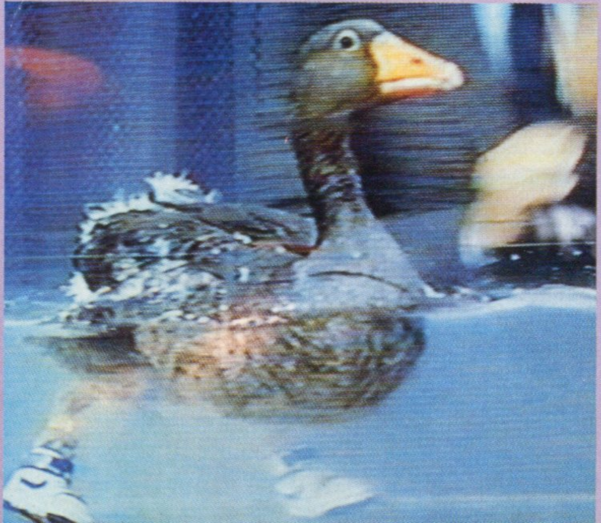
FUCK A DUCK!

MC Hammer wouldn't be seen dead in public without his *British Knights*, Vanilla Ice swears by his *Filas*, but Yo! — move over Bo — 'cos here comes Andy the gray goose.

Sadly, Andy was born without any feet and the only fate that awaited our feathered friend was as the main course come Easter Sunday. But where would our story be without a hero? Step forward, Mr Gene Fleming, who, ahem, took Andy under his wing, and designed him some corrective shoes, in the form of an incredibly trendy pair of *Nike* trainers!

Now the gay little goose is on the road to recovery, he can often be seen strutting his stuff on his home turf of Hastings, Nebraska, happily rapping along his way, drinking *8-Ball*, smokin' a joint, hanging out with the Crips, carrying an Uzi semi-automatic weapon... What a waste of a good meal! ♣





could feel the van rock from side to side as Mark shouted that was going to come. Just before he did so, he pulled his cock out of my cunt and I felt a hot stream of sticky spunk spray all over my bum cheeks.

After all that horny activity I needed a quick lie down on the bed to get my breath back! We resumed our filthy fucking session later that afternoon and I reckon that I must have spent at least another three hours in the back of that van getting fucked in every possible position. Afterwards I gave the boys a little memento of our afternoon together — my white lace panties! — *Margaret, Belfast*

Deb's Delight

My name is Mark and I'm 23 years old. I'm a keen reader of your *In The Bag* section each month, and I've longed for the day when I'd be able to write in with my own story. I'm glad to say something really horny happened to me recently.

I'd been working late at the office one Wednesday night and finished up at about eight o'clock. As I drove out of the car park I noticed one of the secretaries, Debbie, waiting at the bus stop outside our building. She's 19 years old, with a gorgeous figure and, naturally, I stopped to offer her a lift as I knew she lived quite near to me. Her face lit up when she saw me and she jumped into the car.

She looked very sexy, dressed as she was in a thin cotton blouse and a short skirt, and I couldn't help but notice that as she sat next to me her skirt rode way up her thighs.

When we arrived at her address she turned to face me, a big smile on her face. To my delight she kissed me on the cheeks before she spoke.

"Do you want to come in for a few minutes?" she asked.

I muttered something about having to be at work for a meeting in the morning, but she just smiled and took my hand and placed in on the inside of her thigh.

"I'm wearing stockings," she said. "I'll keep them on for you if you want me too..." Now there was an offer

continued on page 33

mel

Photographs by Jack Harrison

You might think you can judge Mel's finest assets for yourself — whether you prefer those suckable nipples, that curvy bum or that sweet little pussy — but there's one attribute we just can't do full justice to, and that's her sexy voice.

"My boss certainly values my powers of persuasion," breathes the

19-year-old telesales girl from Aylesbury. "He reckons I can get any red-blooded male to agree to my terms; and sometimes when I'm on the phone to a client he'll tell me I'm raising more than his interest!

"I'm after promotion now," giggles the saucy brunette, "but my boss thinks I'm too dangerous to let loose on our male clients face to face. He doesn't want them getting high blood pressure. Lucky he doesn't know what I get up to with his female partner!" ♣

......IT IS NOW!

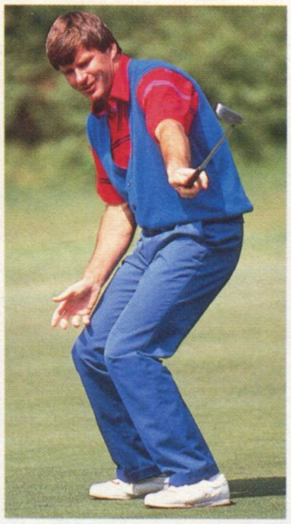
*If you thought that the British Open was a tart with Union Jack knickers, then let Club's star sports scribe, **Maurice Short**, reveal the truth about the Golf crisis...*

In another of Maurice Short's thrusting probes into sport's nether regions, we answer the probing question, "Golf — is it crap?"

Well the answer's yes, and that's official. In a recent Trotter's poll commisioned by this column a staggering 78% of British sports fans said they would rather watch Free-Style Hoovering from Hemel Hempstead than the British Open. An amazing 10% said they would prefer to wear flea-infested surgical support stockings rather than a pair of Nick Faldo's crimplene flares, whilst an incredible 1% thought that the British Open was a slang name for Joan Collins (thanks for correcting me on that one, Mr Trotter!). In fact only one person interviewed said that they liked watching the golf on the TV. They added,

"I love it when you see all the tanks going over the sand dunes. Oh, and the helicopters are quite good too."

Just Fancy That! (1): There are two football clubs on the Scilly Islands. They play each other every week.



Nick Faldo and his rather nice crimplene trews

In a bid to turn my column into a sporting version of *Son Of Bad Joke,* readers have been peppering my pigeonhole with crap quips about soccer. This month's prize goes to Bob from Birkenhead who offers us this underwhelming piece of wit (or a word that rhymes with it at any rate).

Kenny Daglish walks into a pub at half past six. "What's going on here?" he asks.

"It's the happy hour," replies the barman.

"Oh," says Daglish, "I'd better leave then."

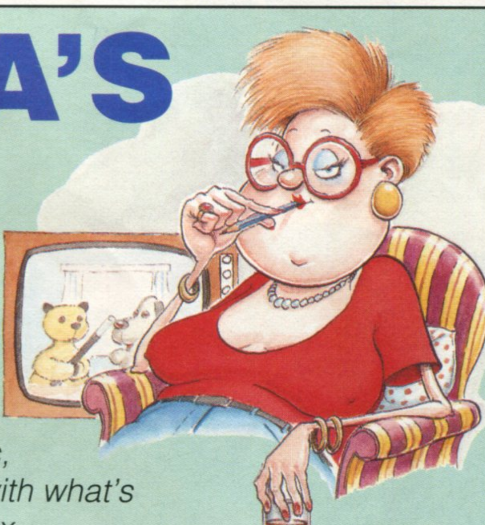
Thank you Bob. An Ian Rush-style detachable moustache and an Anfield pressure cooker — just the job for crispy cabbage — are on the way to you.

Just Fancy That! (2): England fast bowler Devon Malcolm used to be a bouncer in a Derby night club.

Having got that lot off my chest quicker than Amanda Donohoe does her bra whenever anyone points a camera at her, it's time to get down to the nitty-gritty. In keeping with my intention to make this a column that gets into the cracks, I've recently been out and about sticking my little Hitachi into the

Ian Rush and his detachable moustache

NINJA'S BOX



*In the cramped world of TV listings and freebie goggle-box mags, Club likes to take a back seat and let our new telly critic, **Ninja Pystcow**, deal with what's worth watching on the box...*

Hello, darlings, it's Ninja here, your upfront telly critic ready to hit you right between the eyes with my pointed barbs. Call me self-centred, but I just love my box. There's nothing I enjoy more than twiddling a few buttons, plumping up my big old pink cushions, and settling down for a few hours with it shimmering in front of me — especially with something long in my hand. If I haven't already had a few stiff ones down my neck earlier on, that is.

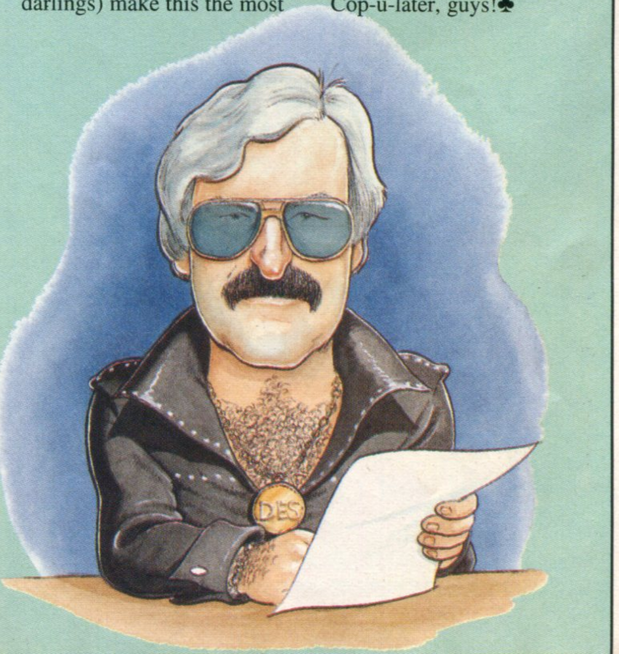
This last month I've been prodding my key pad over the snooker. Now there's a game for the woman on her own. All those tight trousers, stretched to snapping point as the players try to reach their awkwardly placed balls! They can give me a deep screw on the pink anytime, so long as they don't need a long rest. The only disappointment was that my favourite anchorman, D-Vine David, star of *Ski Suddenly* (BBC2, Sundays, 6:30pm) wasn't presenting it. His West Country accent had me squirting in Exeter-cy every time he's on — Devon knows what makes me so creamy!

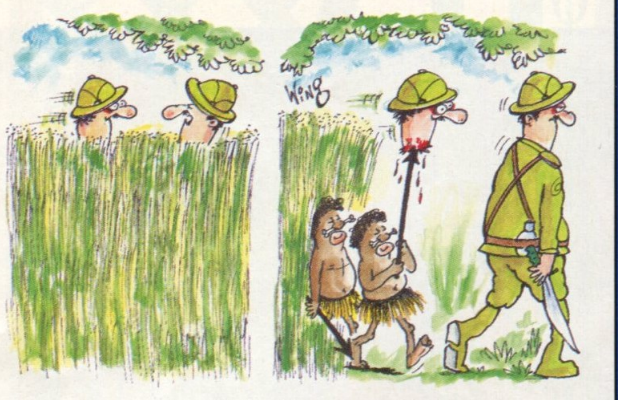
Imagine my disappointment when I got turned on in anticipation, only to find not David, but boring baldy Tony Guppy instead. Tony's a redhead — no hair, just a red head — with long ginger eyelashes. He looks like a pig leaning over his pen. I switched over in disgust, only to find the staring eyes and painfully slow monotone of ITV frontman Dim Rosendull. With his piercing glaze and a delivery as fast as Second Class overland to Tibet, Rosendull has all the charm of a serial killer. But he makes a great anchor — he's thick, heavy and should be thrown overboard.

Sport seems to specialise in presenters with poorer thatches than the winner of the Worst Kept Village Contest. One of the silliest has to be the Coleman combover. His use of the sweeper to hide the gaps in midfield are pathetic. When he goes out in a stiff breeze, even brain-dead Bill Slowmount could guess 'What Happens Next?' Then again what about Dickhead Davies, star of *Sports Masterbators* (ITV, Saturdays, 2:30pm)? His skunk-like white line looks like it's been done by a crap council road painter. It's a good job it's not a yellow one — I'd be sorely tempted to park on it.

But if there was a prize for the ugliest mugs (apart from my Spots Personality of the Year, won again in 1991 by Stephen Hendry), it would have to go to *Greasey and The Stain* (ITV, Saturdays, 12:30pm), otherwise known as Bigot and The Wig. Greasy's few remaining follicles, coupled with Ian Stained John's toupee (I've seen better looking polyester tops on sale in C&A's, darlings) make this the most unappealing partnership since Burke and Hare — and they have about the same effect on my body. Bring back Trevor Francis — now there's a real striker for you!

No, on a Saturday afternoon, when I'm worn out after humping everything from Sainsburys, give me dishy Desmond Linesman. I could watch him with his *Grand Stand* for weeks. He's my firm favourite all right — I've always fancied the grey — and I reckon he likes a jump an' all. Dessie, darling, come the classified pools check, you can help me to get my draws down anytime! And that goes for any of you Club hunks too! Cop-u-later, guys!♣





Stay alert Penfold – these Pygmy headhunters are cunning little bastards!

MEET THE STAFF

*In which we introduce our team of highly-talented professionals. This month – take a bow, **Lee Lestat**!*

To Lee (on the left in our picture), lunch breaks are an essential part of her job. "That's when I get the thinking and planning done," says our slight, reserved staff writer. "I find it easier to conceptualise with a nice, firm, shiny apple or a soft yellow banana shoved in my gob."

An important part of Lee's job is to keep her finger on the pulse of world affairs for Club's extensive foreign news section. "I have to meet all the world leaders — Gorbachev, Mitterand, Chesney Hawkes and so on." Thus we see her here enjoying a quiet *tete a tete* with President Bush, the premier of Canada.

"It's amazing how well-known Club is among the international ruling classes," muses Lee as she nibbles her third Granny Smith of the morning. "Only the other day Ayatollah Rafsanjani was asking how Ginny's boobs were, and whether art supremo Midson had got over being a fork yet. It's those little things which make you realise what a caring, sharing world we live in. It's touches like that which I want to relate to our wonderful family of readers."

Editor's note: Lee Lestat has been sacked. ♣

faces of sport's leading personalities. First up for a grilling of Niki Lauda-type intensity was ex-Yorkshire and England paceman, Fred Gripemouth. Gripemouth, a popular radio commentator, has some forthright views on the modern game.

Maurice Short: How does cricket compare with the game when you were playing?

Fred Gripemouth: Nowt's as good as it was. The bowlers in them days were deadly accurate. My old mate Brian Brainwash could knock t'bollocks off a fly at 20 paces. An' he were fast an' all. Sometimes he bowled that ball so quick it spontaneously combusted. Many's the batsman was given out IBW (incinerated before wicket) against Brian. An' t' summers were better an' all.

MS: And the bacon was crispier too, I believe.

FG: Aye it were as crispy as a new pound note. An' you got more for your money in them days. You could have a night out at 'Ottenshaw's Abbatoir and Pleasure Garden Multiplex', a leek and whippet pie, an all over Thai-style body massage from a riumvirate of Turkish tarts, and a cab home, and still have enough change left out of sixpence to get a pair of tweed combinations. An' t' batsmen! If you'd seen Sir Donald Wombat of Australia batting at Old Trafford on a wicket knee deep in rain water, in pitch black caused by a total eclipse and with a makeshift bat made out of a duck-billed platypus' beak, then you'd know summat about batting!

MS: But I thought you said that the summers were better. Where did all the rain come from?

FG: If you're going t' play clever buggers you can piss off. Interviewers in them days knew better than to ask difficult questions. V.D. Swab of the Goole Restrainer, he did a proper interview. Not like all these modern so-called journalists you get nowadays...

Just Fancy That! (3): Ex-Mud bass player, Ray Stiles supports Tooting & Mitcham.

A rather puzzling document has landed on the Club sports desk with a quizzical slap. It has been sent in by Terry from London. What can it all mean? Perhaps a reader can shed some light on it.

Buon giorno. Moi est Gazza.
(Good day. I am Gazza.)
Si. Si. Moi est la grande bastardo Inglese qui blubberino tutto tempi.
(Yes. Yes. I am the rather portly English gentleman who cries rather a lot.)
Grazie tante. Ma voce est frequento comparismo a Pavarotti.
(Thank you. My singing voice is often compared with that of Pavarotti.)
Et ma fattigutti ausi.
(As is my waistline.)

Just Fancy That! (4): Katarina Krabbe. But then you didn't need me to tell you that, did you? ♣

EXCLUSIVE! MADONNA INTERVIEW

*Cab driver and The Man With The Chat — **Frank Twatt**, conducts another exclusive in depth interview for Club. This time he drives pop superstar **Madonna** round the bend...*

Twatt: Can I give you a lift anywhere, love?

Madonna: Oh yeah. Err, BBC Television Centre, and hurry please.

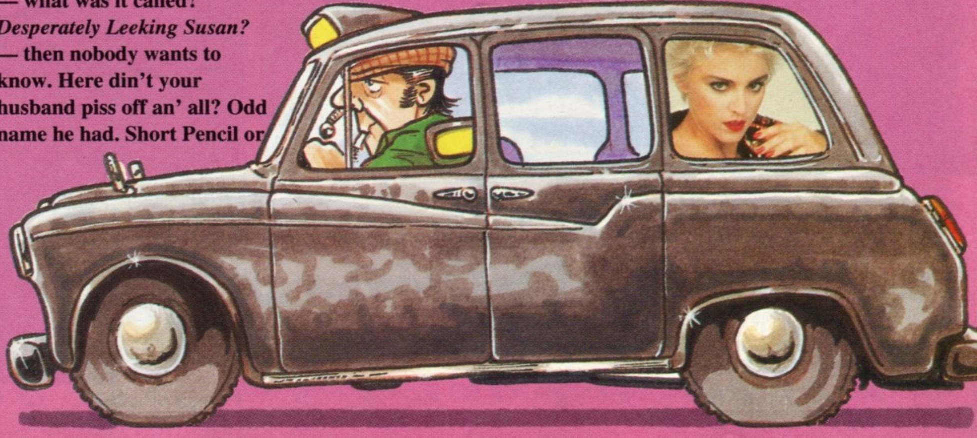
Twatt: Okay, darlin'. Ere don't I recognise you — you're that singer who keeps getting her tits out, in't yer? No, don't tell me, Mad Donna, that's it. Never forget a nice pair me, eh. Geddit? My mates down at the pub reckon you're well tasty. Specially Sid. You'd like Sid. Great sense of humour — specially when he's had a few. The other night he took his trousers down in front of these Germans and flashed his arse... what a guy! Personally, y'know with all due respect, luv, I think you look a bit tarty now. What did you want to go out and bleach your hair for? Trying to copy that Transmission Damp girl, were you? Can't blame you, mind, she's well shaggable, know what I mean? No, you old stuff was alright. You should have stuck wiv that. "Like a virgin. Shagged for the very first time. Like a vir-ir-ir-gin... "

Madonna: Do you mind?

Twatt: I'm a bit of a singer myself, as it happens. My mates reckon I should have been on stage. You should see me on one of those karry-okay machines. "Are you lonesome tonight... " Anyway, what are you doin' these days? I suppose it's gorn quiet now. Couple of hits, turn up in the odd film — what was it called? *Desperately Leeking Susan?* — then nobody wants to know. Here din't your husband piss off an' all? Odd name he had. Short Pencil or summat. He used to thump photographers. Mind you, can't blame him. Those bastards take real liberties. Look how they treat the Royal Family. It's not fair. They can't answer back, you know. Oh, you wouldn't know what wiv you being a Yank. Mind you, not that I've got anything against Americans, even if they did join the war too fucking late. Here where you going? These are only traffic lights. We're not even there yet. Ere, come back! Stop! Mad Donna, there's £10:50 on the meter.

Madonna: Look, here's £20, just leave me alone.

Twatt: Bastard Yanks. I've never liked 'em. Came into the war too bloody late, blah, blah, blah... ♣



she's here to turn you on!

ginny

Hi guys, I hope you're ready to work up a sweat with your willing partner Ginny!

Okay, let's go! I want to feel those bodies stretch and pump in

Photographs by Scott Evans

time with mine. Keep the rhythm steady guys, 'cos that's the way I like it!

Can you feel those muscles working hard? My adrenaline's really flowing now, and I'm ready for some real exercise... I just hope you can keep up with me! My thighs and nipples are really tingling like crazy, and my pussy's getting so hot I know it needs a special workout of its own. I hope you'll join in with this bit too, guys — it's so much more fun when you do it with someone else!

I'd love you to be working out right here by my side, slipping your hands inside my tight leotard. You find my soft breasts, and slowly rub and tease my swollen nipples into little buds. You're working your hands down further now over my flat stomach and then you ease your nimble fingers into my aching pussy. Your cool fingers run along my sopping slit and you find my swollen bud and gently rub it.

Then I'd really go for it, clenching my pussy walls hard around your dirty digits, creaming like crazy till I came all over your hand. I can feel my pussy tingling now as you work your fingers in and out, working up a slow rhythm. I can feel my body shaking and I'm near to coming. Wow! I'm breathless just thinking about it!

Keep humping and pumping for me till next month, guys — and I'll certainly keep in great shape for you! ♣

If you want Ginny to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Ginny, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

letters to Ginny

Dear Ginny,
The pictures of you dressed up in your horse riding outfit in Club Vol 20 No 4 were absolutely sensational, you really looked beautiful! After seeing them I just had to write in and share my naughtiest fantasy with you.

It is a hot Spring day, so we decide it's time to do some Spring cleaning. We've been working hard all day and all the hard work has made you so hot you have to strip off. Naturally the sight of your naked body — your firm, tanned tits, round bum and delicious shaven pussy — drives me completely and utterly wild!

As you reach up to dust the high shelves, your little nipples are standing out, just begging to be nibbled and sucked. I slowly run my feather duster down over your flat stomach until the tickling sensation makes you giggle loudly. Then I move the duster down between those shapely legs of yours and gently start to tease your aching clitty until you're moaning and spreading your thighs wide open for me. Well, what can man could resist that! I strip off and before long I'm kissing my

way down over your flat stomach. I reach the top of your thighs and gently lick my way up until I reach your sweet little pussy. I gently pull apart your pussy lips and push my tongue deep into your steaming love hole. You scream as I work my cool tongue right inside your cunt, and you hold onto my head as I lick you out.

As you can imagine not much more Spring cleaning gets done that day, I can tell you! — *James, Lancaster.*

I really hate doing my housework — it seems like such a waste of time that could be better spent having fun! I usually start with good intentions, but you know me... I get so easily distracted! Last time I tried tidying up my flat, I found a bottle of perfumed body lotion which I'd bought and then lost before I got a chance to use it. Of course, as I was naked I couldn't resist trying the lotion out straight away. I started to smooth it into my skin, paying special attention to my pert boobs, before working my way down to my hot pussy !

Of course, all that activity made me so horny I spent the rest of the afternoon sprawled on the couch, playing with myself — my housework completely forgotten!

Dear Ginny,

Your special section is always the first thing I turn to when I get my hands on a new copy of Club, and I'd really love to bury my head between those perfect legs!

My favourite fantasy would have you dressed as a farm worker, in nothing but a pair of tight bib overalls that show lots of creamy cleavage. How I'd love to romp with you in a hayloft! First I'd pull down those overalls and lick and suck your sweet nipples till you're feeling just as horny as me. Then I'd ease those clothes right down to your cute ankles. You always say you don't like wearing panties, Ginny, so I just know you'd be naked underneath. We'd roll in the sweet-smelling hay together, as I played with your hot pussy, gently rubbing and pulling apart your pussy lips before pushing my cool tongue right into your tight snatch.

You're begging me to fuck you now, and I pull out my rock hard cock and fill you up with 6 inches of hard cock. I know it will never happen, but just fantasizing about it keeps me and my rampant dick happy! — *Danny, Cambridge.*

I love to get back to nature, swimming in cool country streams and making love in the fields under the stars. I have some friends who work on a farm, and every summer I visit them for a couple of weeks of sheer enjoyment. Lying in a cornfield in the sun, with a horny guy working his way over every inch of my tingling body, is so sensual and so satisfying — and of course all that fresh air gives me an incredible appetite for sex! Yes, even a city girl like me enjoys the simple pleasures of life in the country!

Finally guys, lots of you have been asking me what my ideal man is like — is my Mr Right tall, dark and handsome, or are blond, muscular guys the ones that light the fire in my pussy? Well, the answer is that I don't think the perfect guy exists — or at least, I certainly hope not.

Imagine how dull life would be if we all went around looking for a particular set of qualities, and expecting our partner to match up with them exactly. To me, life is an adventure, not a test, and I'd like to think I judge everyone on their own merits and accept them as they are; not just in terms of sex, but friendship and companionship too. After all, isn't fun what it's all about? I hope that answers your questions!

— ***Ginny*** ♣

Winona Ryder

*Stunning starlet Winona Ryder is 19 years old, kooky, and so sexy she makes your tongue hang out like a husky on a hot day. Club's 'Friend Of The Stars', **Ron Dubbs**, licked his lips and found out why...*

A beautiful young girl in high heels, low cut dress and stockings climbs the stairs of an old bell tower. At the top, a good looking bloke, chiselled features and a chest like a wardrobe, sits quietly in one corner reading. He looks up to see the breathless girl looking down at him. She throws herself on him and the couple fall to the floor in a passionate clinch. He hitches up her skirt, revealing the bare flesh at the tops of her stockings as the girl writhes with pure pleasure...

This is not, as you might expect, a scene from a blue movie, but a coming-of-age comedy starring one of Hollywood's hottest young actresses, Winona Ryder. The film is *Mermaids* and in it Winona plays a religion-struck teenager who dreams of becoming a nun, until she meets the convent caretaker and — bam! — she can't wait to get into his Calvin Kleins.

"It's one of those things that every teenager goes through," she explains. "Suddenly you get all these urges. You get horny and you don't quite know how to handle it!"

She doesn't seem to have much of a problem handling her sex scenes. She drew skiploads of praise for her performance in *Great Balls Of Fire* in which she starred alongside Dennis Quaid as Myra, Jerry Lee Lewis' teenage bride, who is, in her own words, "de-virginised".

"The scene is really sexy," she admits. "I have a bra on and he pulls up my skirt, and I start out meek and demure and then I start to get into it.

"I was really embarrassed," she says of the wedding bed scene where her character loses her cherry. "Dennis is so big and I looked really young. No part of my body is exposed, it's just the look on my face as we start having sex, especially during the pain part. Then she starts to enjoy it and the face I chose was really revealing!"

Her director was more than pleased with her.

"She leapt in with both feet and gave a very convincing performance," he remarked. "I'm not saying she's obviously sexually experienced. I'm saying that she's a very good actress!"

> ***"I have a bra on and he pulls up my skirt and I really get into it..."***

Winona reckons she was named after an Indian sex goddess, but in truth she was called after the town where she was born — Winona in Minnesota — although she actually grew up just outside San Fransisco in a kind of commune. Her parents have been dubbed as 60s hippies — sort of flower power intellectuals — although Winona dislikes the label.

They gave her an open upbringing in which they could discuss things like sex and drugs freely with them.

"My parents know what it's like to take drugs and go out and freak out in public. Any advice we wanted they would give us. They figured that if they de-mystified drugs we would lose interest — and it worked."

Strangely though they banned her from eating Vitamin C tablets after she became hooked on them as a young child.

"They started hiding my vitamin bottles on the top shelf which was like a mountain to me. One day I was climbing up to get them and this mini-earthquake hit San Fransisco and I freaked out. I thought it was God punishing me!" Another by-product of her parents' past is that 60s guru Timothy Leary (of 'Turn on, Tune in, Drop Out' fame) is her godfather and the two still keep in close touch.

"I'm very proud. He's

probably one of the most brilliant minds of today," she says enthusiastically. "Talking to him is enthralling, he comes out with things that just blow your mind."

Winona's upbringing lead to her being seen as a bit of an oddball at school and she found it difficult to fit in and turned instead to acting school where she was discovered at 13. She has since seen some of the seedier side of Hollywood.

"I've had a lot of propositions over the past couple of years," says Winona, who's just turned 19. "It's really easy to take advantage of a teenage girl in Hollywood. It's sort of creepy."

As her career snowballed, so did the rumours that Winona was linked to actors that she hardly knew, implying that she was a tad loose.

The truth is for the last year she's been very much involved with Hollywood's other hot young thing, Johnny Depp. The couple are currently engaged and rarely out of the gossip pages.

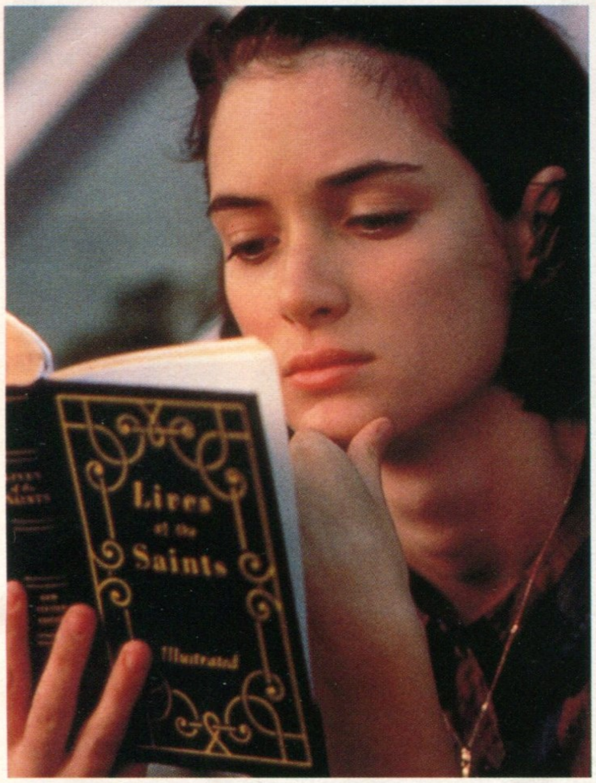
According to her marriage is very much on the cards, as are babies. Their offspring should be a very good-looking bunch.

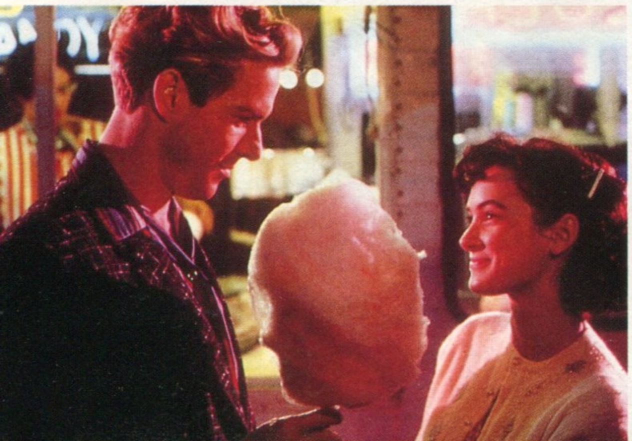
She fiddles with her engagement ring and talks about plans for her next film: *Dracula*. Not only, it would seem, does she get sexy roles, but also dark ones. In *Beetlejuice* she played a teenager whose only friends were a pair of ghosts and in *Heathers* she was a put upon teenager who instigated the deaths of the school bitches. Any danger of her — like her *Mermaids* character — going into a nunnery?

"I have no interest whatsoever in becoming a nun," she laughs.

For that, we should be eternally grateful. ♣

"Suddenly you get all these urges – you get horny!"





IN·THE·BAG

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even I could not refuse!

However, I was in for a surprise when I followed her into her flat. Another girl was there, sitting on the sofa in her nightie, reading a paperback. So much for our night of passion, I thought to myself, stuffing my hand into my pocket to conceal my growing erection.

"This is Samantha, my flatmate," said Debbie. "But don't worry, we can still have our fun. Samantha likes to watch, if that's okay by you."

Okay by me! It was like my favourite fantasy had come to life. With no further preliminaries, Debbie removed her blouse and unzipped her skirt. She wasn't wearing a bra and her firm nipples were just begging to be sucked. She slowly peeled off her black silk panties and when I saw her neatly-trimmed little bush of black pubes my cock literally sprang to life.

She sat down beside her flatmate on the sofa and they both stared as I fumbled out of my trousers. I pulled down my boxers and my erect cock slapped back against my belly. Both girls smiled encouragingly at me.

"Come and stand over here," commanded Debbie.

I went over and positioned myself between her knees. She took hold of my cock, gently pulled back my foreskin and licked my knob end. I clutched her gorgeous tits and groaned with pleasure as she took my

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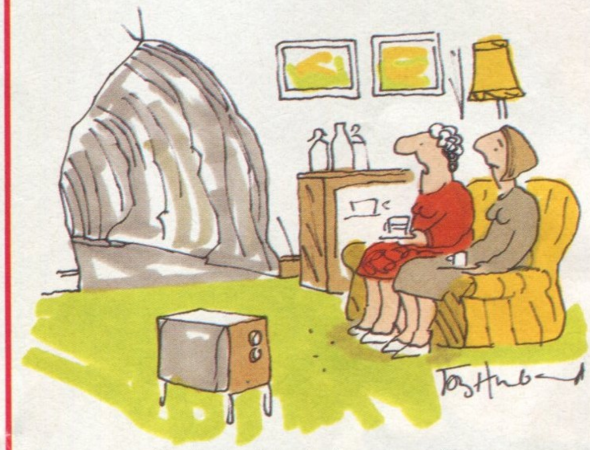


Oh, that's where the fire monster lives

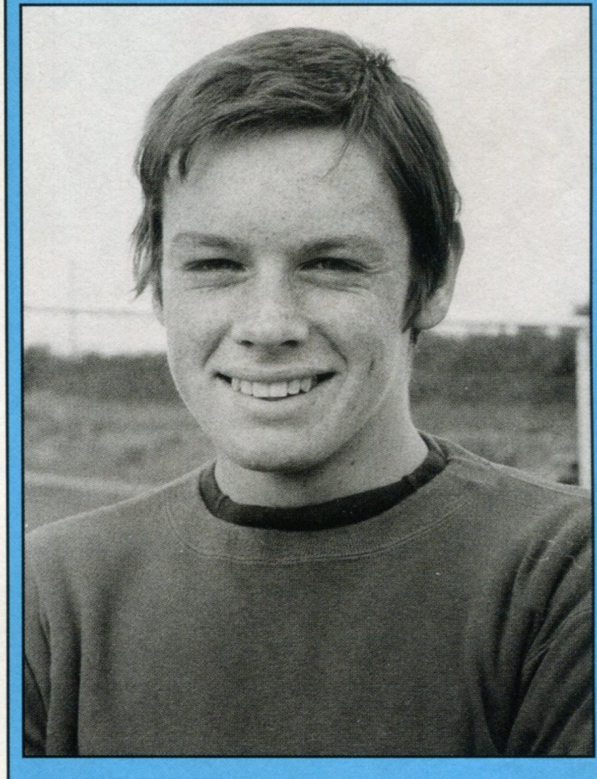
God-Star

On 29th March 1990 David Icke visited a medium and faith healer. What happened that fateful day and over the following months was to change the course of his life forever. The former Coventry goalkeeper, Green Party spokesman and television personality found himself on a wondrous and incredible journey of discovery.

Guided by the master soul, The Godhead and extra-terrestrials from other dimensions, he went in search of like souls, his travels taking him to Canada, the United States and all over Great Britain, where he spoke to a great number of people about the earth's energy systems.

Now David Icke has chronicled his vast experiences in a sensational new book — *The Truth Chronicles*. Why are we here?, Where are we going? and What happens when we die? are just some of the simple questions that David Icke tries to tackle. While it is certain to cause controversy and upset the established churches, we at Club are not doubting Thomases, and we do not question the truth that Mr Icke has so very kindly given us. We wish him all the luck in the world as he explores the great mysteries of the universe. In fact we have only one query...

WOULD YOU BUY A BOOK FROM A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?♣



dawn

Daring Dawn is a lady on a mission... to turn on as many men as she possibly can! It seems that nothing will hold back the 20-year-old saucy secretary from Swidon achieving her goal.

"I don't think that there's anything wrong with that, do you?" laughs Dawn, flicking her long dark hair over her shoulders. "Men, and women, are always telling me that I've got a good figure — it measures in at 36-26-34 — so why not show it off?

Photographs by Jack Harrison

"You wouldn't believe that I used to be really shy, would you?" Dawn smiles. "It was because I thought my curvy figure was too fat! It didn't matter how many people told me that I had a lovely body, I didn't believe it.

"It wasn't until a boyfriend took some snaps of me with no clothes on that I realised that I was actually pretty sexy! Then there was no stopping me! Now I love wearing clothes that show off my figure, and my tight blue jeans are my favourites — they show off every single curve of my bum. There's a secret to wearing them, though... no knickers! That way a guy can see exactly what he's getting!" ♣

TAPED!

Club's bum, boobs and pussy man, ***Allan Bryce****, dives into a bucketful of this month's tit vids and comes up sucking his thumb...*

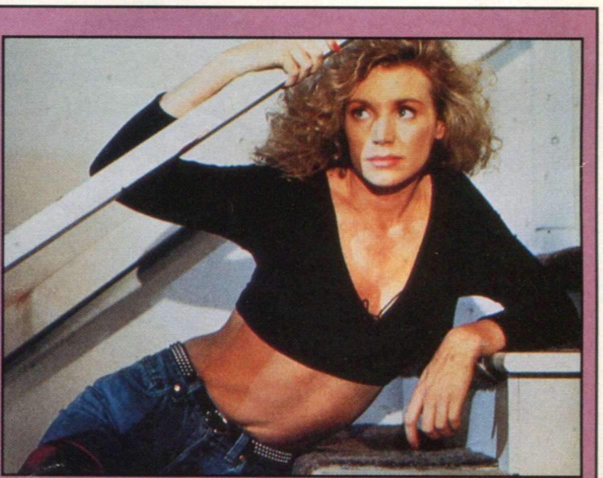
Never let it be said that we at Club aren't politically aware. Only the other day I was chatting with The Ed about the Middle East position. He said he hadn't tried it yet. Anyway, one of the big advantages of having a column like this which is read by Millions (specifically Bert Millions, landlord of *The Ferret and Trouser Leg*, Hackney) is the opportunity it gives me to delve into important issues, and raise questions that are vitally relevant to our troubled times. Questions like, are girls' tits getting bigger?

Bra Breakers, which features two hefty tarts doing a striptease in the saloon bar of their local pub, seems to confirm that they indeed are. These busty bints really get into the swing of things, massaging each other's double tops while the helpful bystanders pour pints of bitter over them. The photography is a bit shaky, but I expect the cameraman had a few to steady his nerves beforehand. If you can get to the bar, mine's a hand shandy, guvnor.

The gals in *Bra Breakers* may be stacked like a Nicaraguan election, but they look like anorexic sparrows when placed alongside the megaboob queens featured in **Lana**. I've got to say upfront that none of these ladies would win any prizes in a beauty contest; 46FF Pat's age long ago caught up with her bra size, and 48EE Toni has the complexion of W.C. Fields. But can there be a red-blooded male alive who wouldn't fancy shoving his head into such colossal cleavages and going 'burble, burble, burble'?

While we're in the mood for big tits, let's move straight onto **Busty Clips Number One**, another mammary masterpiece that contains more boobs than George Bush's foreign policy. Some of the more modestly endowed maidens on display will doubtless already be familiar to you. There's delightful Debee Ashby, who strips off in a wild sex scene from that all-time classic, *Secrets Of A Sex Therapist*. Then there's the ever-welcome Stacey Owen, who also has what in medical terms might be referred to as a 'corking pair of head-lamps'. If it's big tit action you want, then you need look no further. I've got to take a break from this before I get double vision...

The above movies probably cost about 50p a piece to make, but **Henry And June** (CIC) is in a different class altogether. This is a multi-million dollar Hollywood production based upon the life of writer Henry Miller. The setting is Paris in 1931,



An uplifting experience

If you drooled over *Nine and a Half Weeks*, and dribbled at *Wild Orchid*, then just wait till you cop a load of *Last Call*.

The film marks the acting debut of former centrefold Shannon Tweed. She plays the part of an assistant to a bloke called Jason who's a real bastard. After getting his wicked way with Shannon he dumps her. Now, why anyone would dump someone like Shannon Tweed is beyond us, but she gets her revenge and puts Jason right where he belongs — in the shit.

***Last Call*, it has to be said, is not the greatest film you'll ever see — watching this big-budget erotic thriller you do wonder whether the money would not have been better spent on clothes for poor Ms Tweed who spends half the film starkers.**

No, the amazing thing about *Last Call* is Ms Tweed's breasts which protrude from her body just as much when she's lying down as when she's upright! Yes, Shannon's boobs defy every conceivable law of gravity!

After you've pondered the reasons for this love-pillow levitation, try answering the question below to win a copy of *Last Call* and appreciate those horizontal holders for yourself. The first ten correct entries picked from the bin, sorry, the hat, get a copy of *Last Call*.

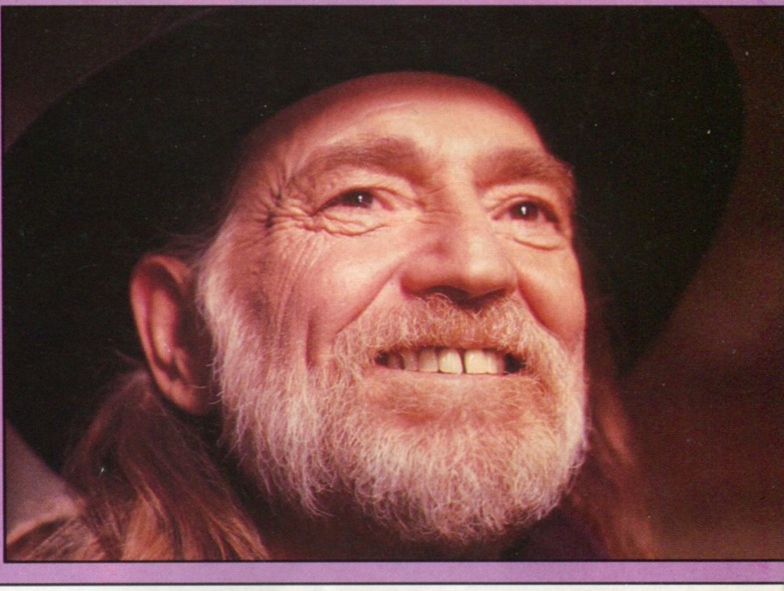
The question is: *Who discovered gravity? Was it a) No one, it was always there, b) Kylie Minogue, c) Isaac Newton?*

Send your entries to The Amazing Floating Fun-Bags Competition, Club Internationl, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. ♣

and our Henry is in the middle of writing his controversial, and much-banned bestseller *Tropic Of Cancer*. But he's not getting too much down on paper because he spends too much time bonking away in a three-way triangle with his estranged missus, June and a nymphomaniac poet.

Brilliantly acted and directed, with some beautifully photographed lesbian sequences, this is undoubtedly one of the most sexually explicit films *ever* to have come from a major studio. The only drawback is that most of the girls in it have small tits, but, let's face it, you can't have it all... ♣

WILLIE OF THE MONTH



Phwooaar, ladies, this month's Willie is a real biggie — and covered with hair! It's Country & Western giant, Willie Nelson. Girls, if you like being tickled by something long and thick then this is the Willie for you. The superstar singer's beard takes up three-quarters of his face — which is just as well. Even he would have to admit that his features look a little lived-in — by squatters! But this Big Willie still impresses his thousands of insatiable female fans who are often left gasping for more. Known for his good, honest lyrics, he's one Willie no woman finds hard to swallow. ♣

RearEnders

The cheeky saga of Britain's bum grope opera continues...

Last episode: Pete Feale and the crowd from Allbutt Square have moved up to Neverfeeled only to find the Gropers Return pub has more dykes than a Dutch landscape. In fact, Bot Cotton was so shocked she fainted and hit her head...

"It's bad news, I'm afraid," said Dr Leggover holding the unconscious Bot in his arms. "She's going to live."

"Oh, that's alright then. Get your dildo out, Mangie, and give me one right between the balm cakes!" cried Butt Clynch. Mangie Botts produced the big black mock cock, bent Butt over the bar, and slid it into her foaming fanny from behind.

"Blimey, tweacle!" exclaimed Pete Feale, nearly dropping his pint of Spewton & Piddleys. "That's a bit wank!"

Appalling Fowlup, now too enormous to play Miss Bra in *Are You Being Serviced Regularly*, coughed with embarrassment and wiped the dribble into her cardigan.

As the dripping dildo slid out with a slurp, Councillor Alf Sloberts and his wife Tawdry walked in.

"Ooooh Al-fay! Look what I missed. If only you'd shut that shop of yours once in a while..."

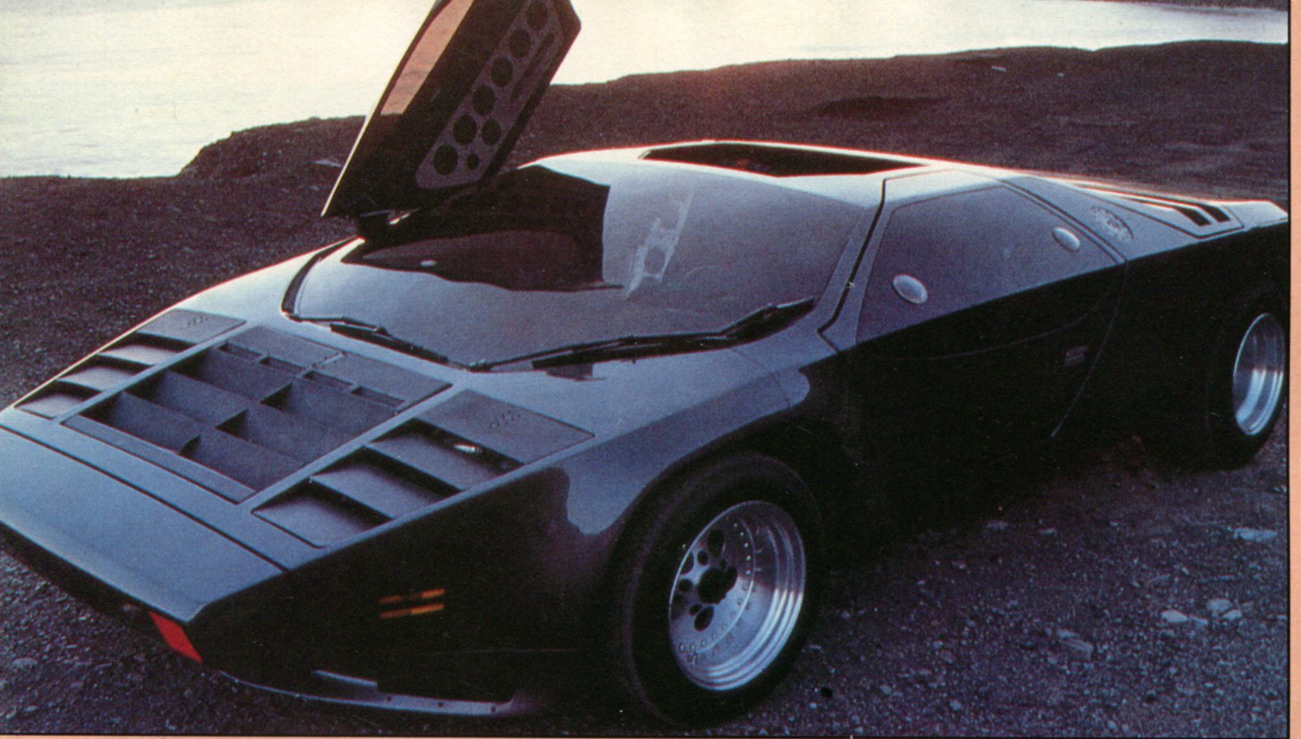
"Look, Tawdry, you know what it's like in Wankashire. All the corner shops are open till midnight. I mean how else are we going to sell all those bottom-related videos you insisted I got in like *Bums and Misdemeanours, Gropobot 2* and *Sleeping with the Enema?*"

"Hey, did you hear that?" cried Des Bunns. "There's a new set of arse videos in. Everyone down to Alf's Botty Market!"

"Oooh men! Real-lay!" grumbled Tawdry Sloberts. "I'll have a gin and a large tonic, Mangie."

"Sorry, we've only got lemonade. Jack Fuckwitt forgot to order any."

"That's okay, luvvy. That dildo's the only large tonic I need." ♣



VRRRANGOWW!

The Vector W8 is America's answer to the Ferrari. Sure, it goes like shit off a shovel, but has it got what it takes to join the big boys in the fast lane? Club's motoring correspondent, ***Horst Pipe*** *finds out...*

Given that the last attempt at building the automative American dream produced a load of crapola called the DeLorean, it's perhaps not surprising that the Yanks are keeping very quiet about their latest effort — the Vector W8.

Built by the Vector Aeromotive Corporation, the new car combines the latest aviation materials and systems technology with the traditional V8-power which the Americans are so fond of. The result is an incredibly hi-tech machine with double extra hi-tech topping combining a race-derived lightweight aluminium monocoque, a Kevlar body-shell and a twin turbocharged aluminium six litre engine with a spec-list of go-faster goodies which reads like Nigel Mansell's last letter to Santa Claus.

The mid-mounted engine is transversely mounted just like the Mini Metro's, but in most other respects it's very different, with a forged competition crank and pistons, stainless steel Carrillo con-rods, dry sump lubrication, and a shiny hand-finished intercooler which would look more at home dispensing coffee in an expresso bar.

In standard road-going trim you're looking at 625 bhp, 630 lb ft of torque, 7.0 psi of boost, 0.97 lateral-G on the skidpan, and a 7000 rpm redline. Which, for readers who don't have a doctorate in things that go boing, means it's wicked. As a member of the development team put it, "This isn't a tiny little motor that's been tweaked to death, this is a BIG motor that's hardly working at all."

At 200 mph, for example, it's barely beating 3000 rpm. With its specially-strengthened automatic transmission, a standing start to 60 takes only 4.2 seconds.

A one year driving ban for a first offence takes just under 5 seconds.

Just 12 seconds on the pedal takes the car to an incredible 124 mph, and it gives you the opportunity to find out what all the fuss is about anti-lock brake systems — because the Vector W8 hasn't got one. This is a surprising omission for a car which looks, sounds and performs like a Can-Am racer, and no doubt one which helps to put the W8 into the "£-Phone for details" insurance bracket.

Even the dashboard owes more to avionics than to conventional motor industry practice, featuring as it does a four screen 'reconfigurable electroluminescent display' which includes everything from a tachometer to twin exhaust temperature pyrometers. The dashboard itself would look more at home on the Starship Enterprise and any dealer hoping to turn the clock back on this one will need a doctorate in advanced electronics, or at the very least ears like Dr Spock's.

The only drawback with the W8 is the pricetag — a whopping £145,000 that would make even the manager of the *Bank That Likes To Say Yes* tell you to go piss up a rope. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 33

length into her mouth.

While Debbie concentrated on an expert blow-job, her friend Samantha amused herself by lifting up her nightdress, spreading her legs, and finger-fucking herself energetically with three slim fingers.

Then, to my surprise, Debbie stopped in mid blow-job and both of them took me by the hand and lead me through into the bedroom. I couldn't wait to see what would happen next.

Samantha lay on the bed with her legs spread while Debbie knelt on the floor in front of her. From where I was sitting I had a perfect view as I saw Debbie's head move between Samantha's thighs. Samantha's face was twisted with pleasure as Debbie pulled apart her cunt lips and sunk her tongue inside her wet snatch.

Samantha clamped her thighs around Debbie's head as her tongue pushed deeper into Samantha's cunt and she licked faster and faster until Sam fell back onto the bed. All the time I'd been running my hand up and down my swollen shaft and I could feel my cock beginning to twitch. Debbie rushed over to where I was sitting and clamped her lips around my cock and started sucking. In seconds I felt my cock release its load and as I did so, Sam pulled my dick out of her mouth and a long stream of hot jizz spilled over her tits.

As I lay there, catching my

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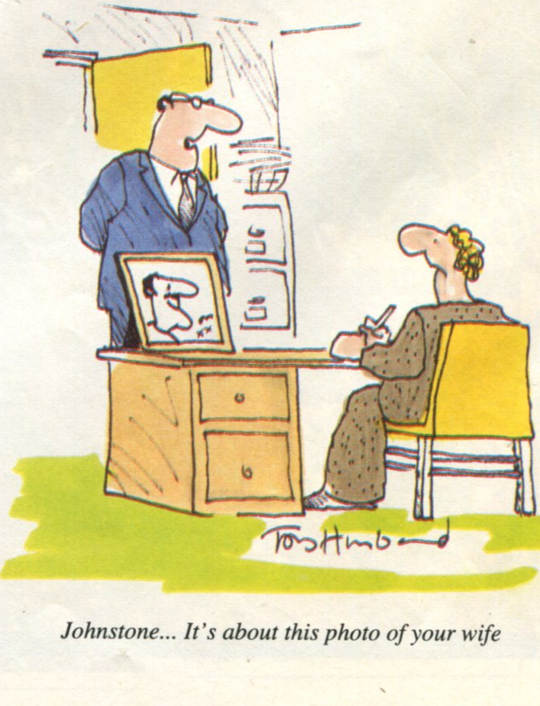


Johnstone... It's about this photo of your wife

lucy

Photographs by
Scott Evans

You could hear a pair of silk panties drop in the Club office when we were presented with these perfect pictures of luscious Lucy from London. Such is the effect that our adorable 19-year-old has on grown men. But appearances can be very misleading...

“A nice pair of boobs and a pert bum are a great advantage if you want a man to wine and dine you, or take you on expensive holidays abroad,” she giggles softly, causing her smooth, pale breasts to tremble slightly. “Men have gone to great lengths to see the inside of my bedroom.

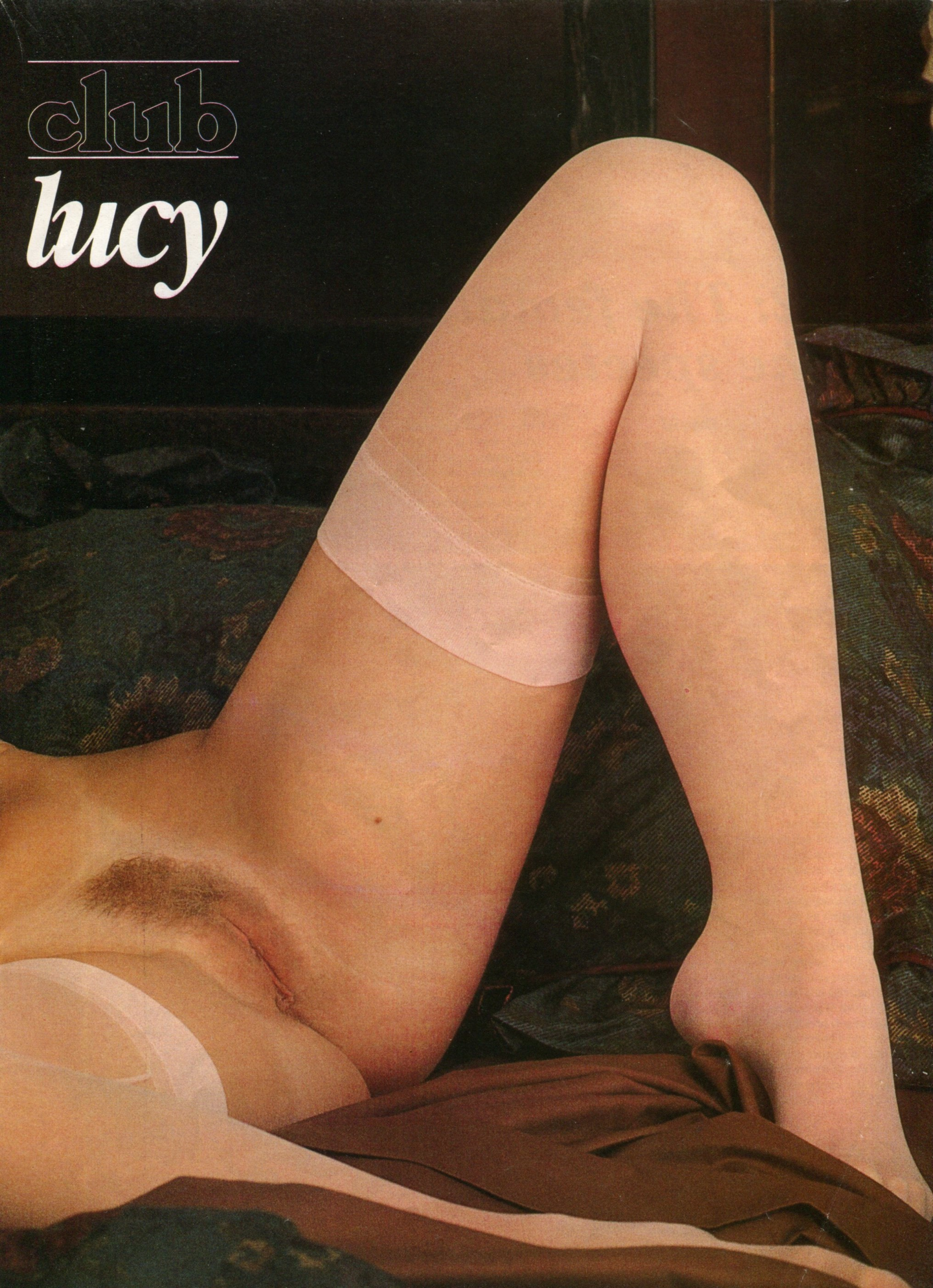
“But all that flash stuff still won’t get a guy into my knickers! I’d do anything just to go out to the local pub and get chatted up the same way other girls do,

then go back to their place for a naughty night between the sheets!"

Sorry guys, we were so gobsmacked by gorgeous Lucy that we forgot to ask exactly where her local is! ♣

club

lucy



the trials of sex life

No 2: The female of the species

Club's nature expert, ***David Utterburk****, continues his search for the wild life with an in-depth scientific look at human females in their natural habitat and indulges in a pathetic attempt to get off with them...*

In order to survive, every species has to procreate, or as we naturalists call it — shag. None more so than Mankind, for unlike many members of the animal kingdom, Man has no mating season. He can get a stiffy almost anywhere and at any time, usually on the number 15 bus just before his stop. Therefore he spends much of his life in search of a female, a remarkably varied species, which we shall be taking a close look at tonight. I've come here to the Hotel Opulento on the delightfully spoilt Caribbean coast. Not because it's relevant to the documentary but because they do a bloody good *pina colada* and it's all on expenses. For the boring sods who like animals, don't worry, I'll be putting on my sweaty safari suit, and be up to my armpits in a swamp with hordes of poisonous little bastards crawling up my shorts and nibbling my gonads in another series.

The human female *(homo sapiens)* is truly remarkable. Over millions of years, she has evolved dozens of different forms, all highly shaggable. For instance there's the short fat dumpy girl in spectacles like Velma in *Scooby Doo* (or *Gnomo Sapiens.*) There's the elderly old bag with the shopping trolley who you get stuck behind when you're desperate for a piss *(Slo-mo Sapiens)* and there's the bored housewife who spends the whole day at home doing the washing *(Omo Sapiens).* But we won't be looking at them, because, as you can probably tell, they're just an excuse for a series of pathetic puns. Instead, I'm going for a quick drink.

You join me in a devilishly hot steamy area overgrown with a rain forest of dense dark green foliage — palm trees, yucca and rubber plants, and those bloody tall things with the holes in the leaves that your Aunt has in a horrible pot. Yes, we're in a wine bar, and the constant shrill cries of the thousands of inhabitants of this seemingly inhospitable terrain is deafening. Let's hack our way through the lush vegetation, and see what's going on.

"Oi, you bastard, stop fucking about with my pot plants!"

Yes, it's a dominant male barman defending his territory. I must be careful not to upset him, or he might charge (and at £9.50 for a bottle of house white, that could be very serious). Instead I shall take up position behind this naturally formed cluster of bent-wood chairs, making sure I avoid the dangerous molten lava from the drippy candle stuck in the Mateus Rose bottle.

Yes, it's in this sort of location that packs of women without attendant males can be found. And I do believe we're in luck today. There in the corner lapping at two overpriced glasses of Liebfraumilch are a couple of them relaxing after a good feed — veal escalopes followed by Black Forest gateau and cream. By the superb 90% wool coat, I would say one is an office manageress *(Bisnus Ladi)* with her *Guardian* reading friend *(Lefti Feminist).* Unfortunately I don't think this pair are looking for a mate, but since the one in the suit has nice knockers, I'll approach cautiously.

"'Allo, darling, how do you fancy be fucked by someone famous, eh?"

"Piss off, creep!"

Just as I feared, and now the male *(Lars Torders)* is heading in my direction, his fists raised. I think a hasty retreat is called for.

Phew, that was close! After that hasty escape, you join me in my hiding place behind the tiny West Midlands Architectural Achievements section of Birmingham Reference Library. It's in this white edifice that you can find literally dozens of young lone females from the *Brumpoli* and *Astonuni* tribes... excuse me, an elderly female is trying to attract my attention.

"Excuse me, Sir, would you mind keeping your voice down. This is a library."

"Yes, I know. I'm David Attemboys, Famous Naturalist."

"That's as maybe, young man. Keep your voice down."

Now as I was saying, these females often enjoy the chance to get away from their males *(Studens Pissartis)* who spend most of their time at such gatherings as Pyjama Hops and Rag Balls, offering a chance for clever smug bastards like me to get their end away...

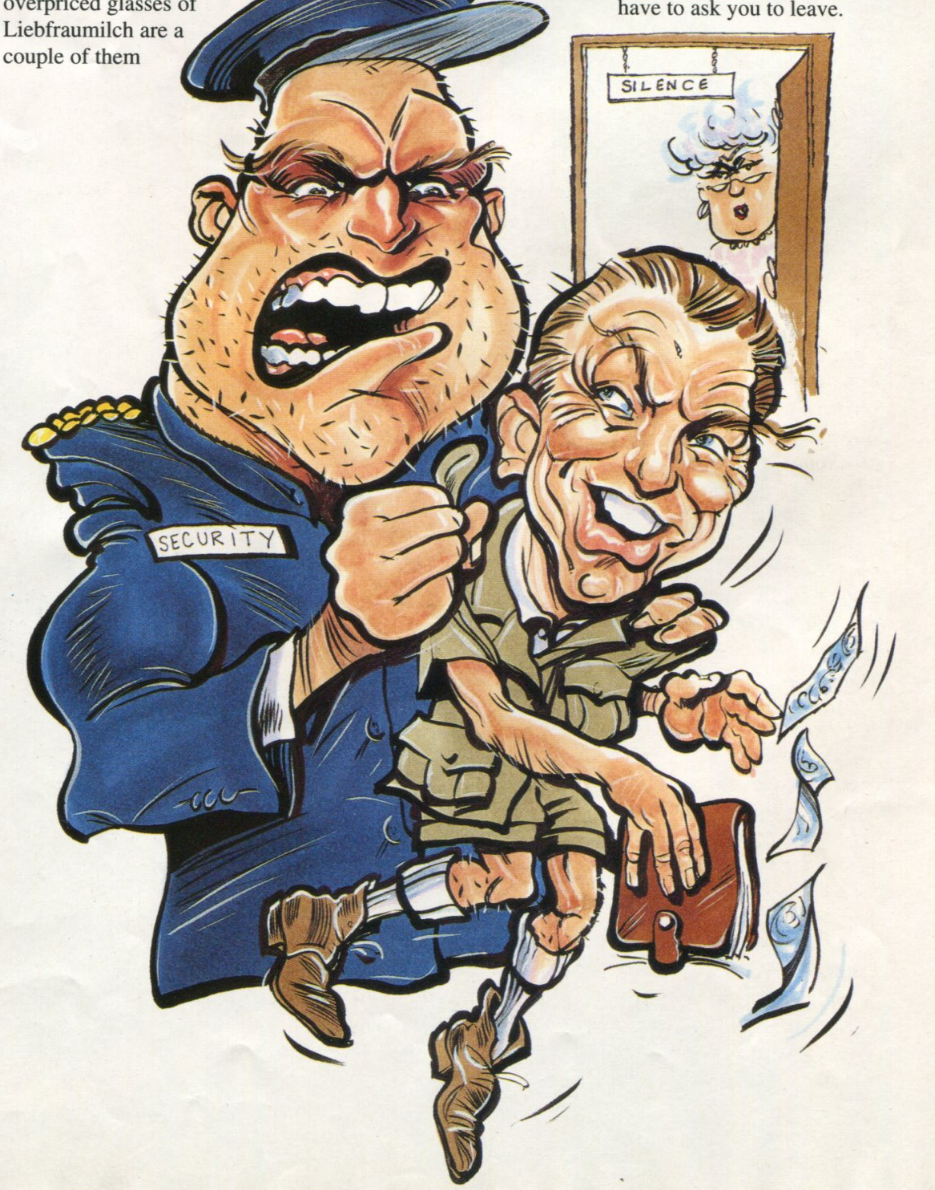
"I told you before. Be quiet!"

Living entirely on a diet of packet curry, cheap vegetables and yoghurt, these females...

"Sssssshhhhhhhhh!"

These females are particularly easy to lure if you are blessed with natural assets like a fucking large wallet. So I...

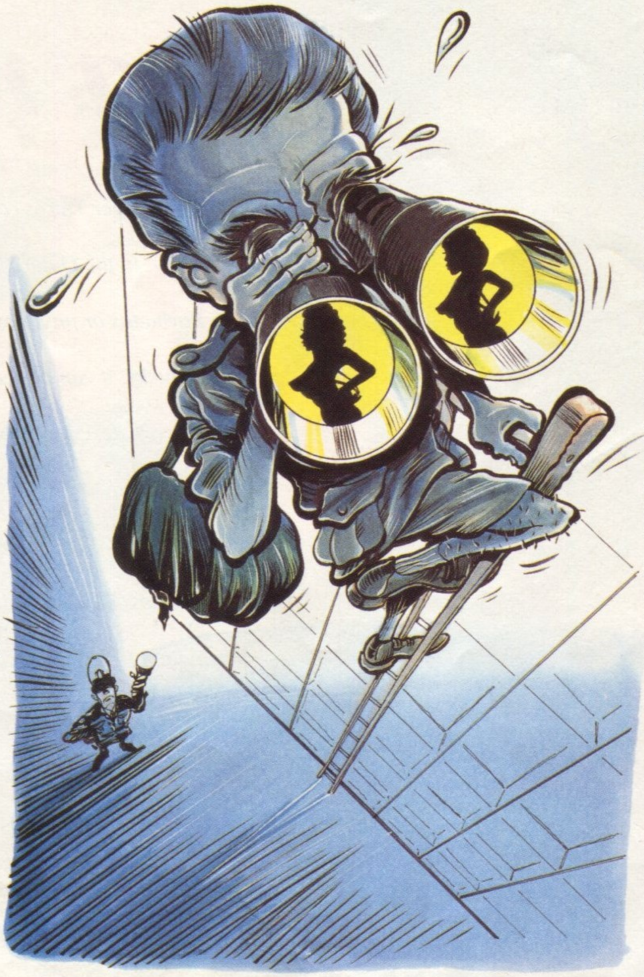
"If you can't be quiet, young man, I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to leave.



Illustrations by Tony Healey

Security! Escort this man to the door.”

A little bruised from my encounter with *Hevi Bounca* you join me high above the hurly burly of everyday life — on a ladder where I can get a good view of the Sheffield flat of Miss Jennifer Richards, accounts clerk. Jennifer is a typical example of the lone stay-at-home girl who spends most of her time watching TV rather than looking for a mate. Females of the *Inspecta Morslova* species have evolved to become fatter than their counterparts, spending hours at a time eating toasted sandwiches, drinking bottles of white wine and ogling semi-attractive men on telly like John Thaw, Nigel Havers and Jeremy Paxman. Mating with them is almost impossible. In fact, even seeing one outside captivity is extremely rare. But I think, yes, she’s coming home...



Indeed, the light has gone on in the bedroom, and if I get out my binoculars, I can clearly make out that she’s taken her jacket off. Obviously, she is shedding her dull grey daytime plumage, and yes she’s slipping her skirt down over her well rounded bottom and undoing her white blouse. I do believe that’s coming off too, and for the first time we can see the magnificent sight of a pair of great tits nesting side by side in a 38 D-cup bra. Magnificent! If we’re really lucky we could be privileged to see the rare sight of Jenny’s enormous knockers! Yes, she’s reaching behind her back to undo the bra. She’s about to turn round now and — oh, officer, I didn’t see you there. Err... I can explain everything. At the station? Well, alright, but really it’s not necessary, I’m a Naturalist, you see. I’m doing a documentary. I don’t care if that is what they all say...

After a long night in Sheffield Police Station assisting the officers with their enquiries, we have at last made it back to the relative tranquillity of an office in Romford. We’re here on a Friday afternoon to see the brain-dead secretary bird *(Gormlus Traci)* in her natural habitat. Having negotiated the treacherous reception, we are about to watch what is a quite unique transformation.

And here we are in the typing pool. And as I wade my way across it, the rows of word processors are silent. Not because they are unmanned, oh no, each has a female behind it, but because the girls are all in the dormant state they adopt at exactly 2 pm on a Friday afternoon. It is only by completely switching off from the outside world for the next three hours that these creatures can store up enough energy for the long night ahead.

It’s now 4:59 pm and from my vantage point behind the 80 gram A4 photocopier paper, I can see the first signs of life. Slowly the secretaries are waking up. Instinctively they reach for their nail files and varnish, to begin the long process of preening before their night out. For unlike the other species of female we have looked at in this episode, the *Traci* is a real man-eater. As the combs, hair brushes and lipstick come out, we can hear the familiar calls to one another.

“Ere, Trace, you goin’ down *Cinatra’s* tonight?”

“Not ’alf, Chelle. I want to see if that Mike’s there.”

“You fancy him, doncha?”

“Naaahhh!”

“Yes, you do, I can tell a mile off! You know he’s gotta donger like a donkey, and he don’t just stir his tea with it, neither! Aaaa-haa!”

At exactly one second to five, they put their macs on, hurl their imitation leather handbags over their shoulders, and leave. For the next hour or so they will disappear into their cocoons to change out of their black polyester suits and white blouses into their red polyester dresses and high heels. At exactly 8 pm, butterfly-like they will emerge in all their finery for a night on the town. During this time, no man will be safe from them.

It’s now l am at *Cinatra’s* disco in Braintree, Essex, and the reason that I’m whispering is that quite literally only a few feet away are a large group of *Traci’s* at play. If I was to accidentally attract their attention, then it would be extremely dangerous for me. They could literally squeeze me to death in their surprisingly powerful grip during a smoochy number, suffocate me with their large pillow-like breasts or suck my face off with a kiss. Fortunately my voice is being drowned out by the primeval beat of an MC Hammer single. Already this particular group of *Traci’s,* their complement swelled by a number of hairdressers or *Air-headed Silli Girlis,* have devoured a pride of male posers on the prowl. They dealt equally swiftly with a school of Bill Wyman’s girlfriends who tried to pinch their seats in the pub, and now they are after meat. Anyone’s meat.

Oh God, I think they’ve spotted me.

“Oi, look at that dickhead in the shorts, Shaz!”

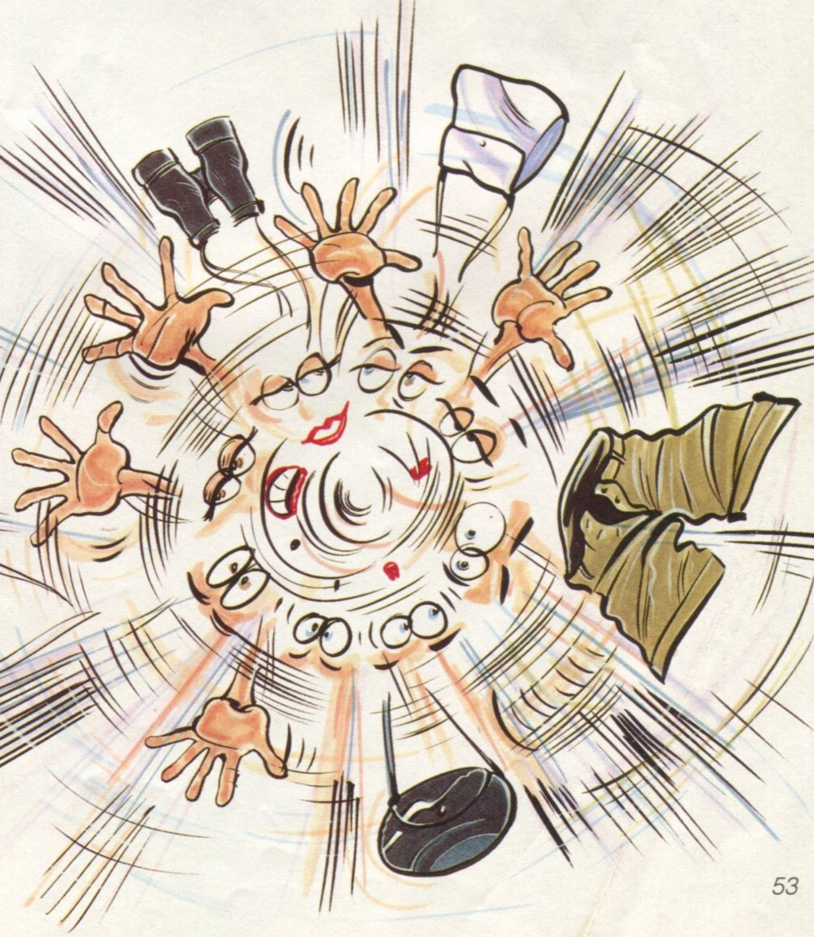
“Cor, bloody ’ell! He looks like a bloomin’ packet of Silk Cut with two hanging out, Tray.”

“Yeah, but what a bloody packet, eh?”

“Aaaaha-haaah-haaaah.”

Oh Christ, they’re coming over, and I do believe — oooff! — yes, one of them has grabbed my genitals, and the other is putting her tongue into my mumphh umph err-ummp. Now she is slipping her hand inside my khakis and groping around. Meanwhile her accomplice is undoing my zip, letting out my penis which I must admit seems to have got just a little bit larger in the last few minutes, and she’s now putting her mouth round the end. Now she’s slowly licking and sucking and — urrrmmmmm!!!

I think in the spirit of wildlife reporting, I shall give myself over entirely to this group of *Tracis* for the night. It may not get a poncy award like that tall twat with the gorillas, but who wants a blow-job from King Kong? A very goodnight — for me at least! ♣



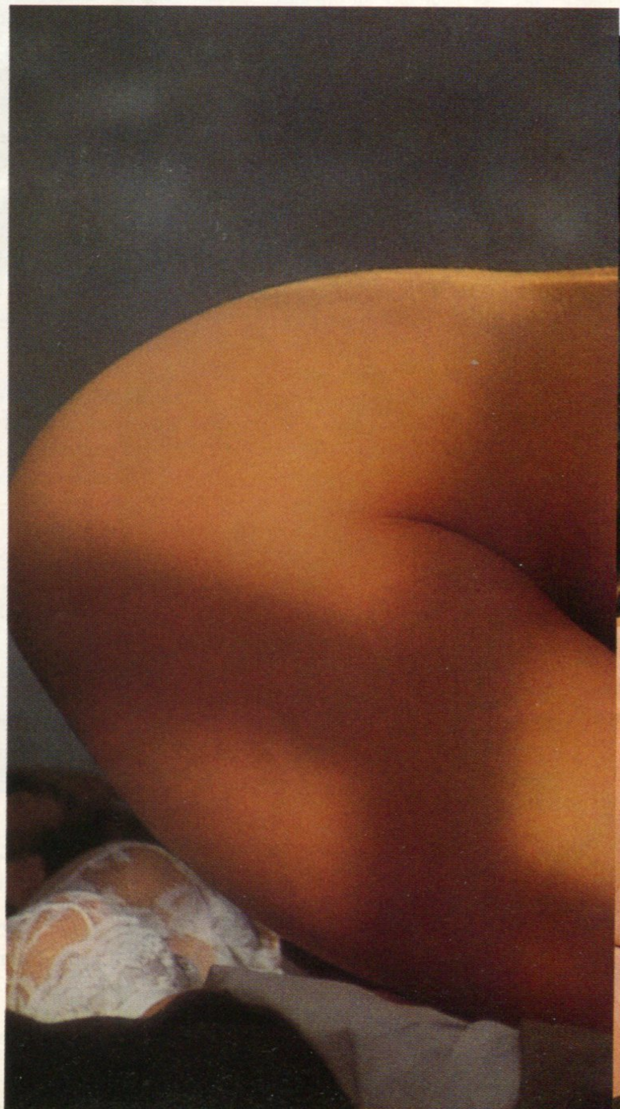
tanya

Sun worshipper Tanya can't wait for her summer holiday — in the Outer Hebrides. "I know it's not like Barbados or anything," she giggles, "but if you're lucky, it can be really hot and best of all, the beaches are deserted. It's the perfect setting for a romantic getaway."

The 22-year-old from Manchester takes any prospective boyfriend on holiday with her to a remote destination to test their compatibility. "Some guys just can't handle it," she reveals." All alone on a deserted island with a horny girl. Without booze or a flash car to hide behind, they're useless!

"To pass my test, a guy's got to love sun and quiet beaches. And he's got to be full of ideas about what to do if it rains!" ♣

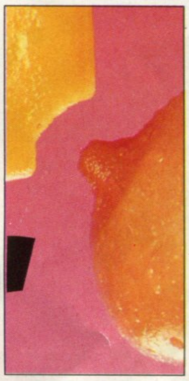
Photographs by Scott Evans

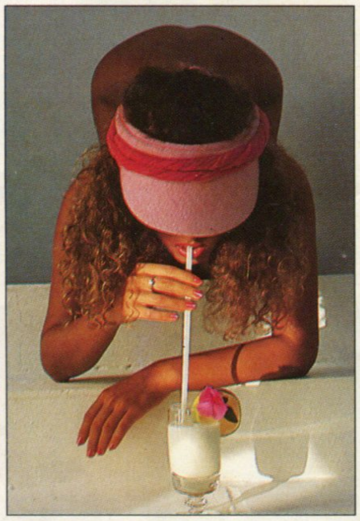


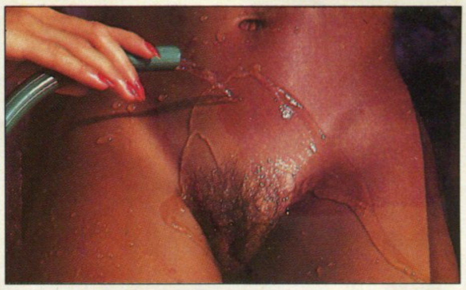
Exploring the Outer Limits
Dr. John Lilly

Dr John Lilly

TALKIN' BLUE







This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

The Match

I just have to tell you my horny tale. I can't keep it to myself any longer, but it isn't something that I can tell most of my friends because they'd be too shocked. The only close friend who knows is Petra — and that's because she was involved herself!

Petra and I are both keen football fans and we follow our local team closely. There's one guy who plays fairly regularly in the first team who I've been lusting after ever since he joined the club. I'll call him Shaun here — I don't want to give away his real name!

What happened started originally after a drunken prank. Petra and I were getting ready to go out to a party, walking about my bedroom in our undies doing our make-up.

"Tell you what," Petra said, "if Shaun could see you now I reckon you'd be in with a real chance." I looked at the way that my push-up bra made my firm little boobs stick right out, and how my skimpy panties showed off my bum.

"Let's get my camera out then," I suggested, "and take some snaps for him." Petra took some pics of me, some in my lingerie and a few of me doing a striptease until I was totally naked. I did the same for her, and we collected them a couple of days later and sent them to Shaun through the club's offices, along with a saucy note detailing exactly what we'd do to him if he got in touch with us.

We didn't really expect anything to come of it, so when I received a note from him a couple of weeks later I was flabbergasted. Not only had he written back quickly, but he suggested that the three of us should meet up and, as he put it, "get to know each other better".

Petra was even more excited than I was, and when the day came for us to go and meet Shaun we took hours to get ready.

"Look, all he's after is sex," I told Petra, "so we might as well wear our sexiest gear and give him a night he's never going to forget." Petra and I had done a couple of threesomes before, so we knew what to expect. After all, isn't it every bloke's fantasy to have two good-looking and very eager girls in bed with him at the same time?

I put on a pair of high heeled suede boots, a red leather mini skirt and a tight fitting top. I didn't wear a bra underneath, and I was so horny already that my nipples were almost bursting the material. Petra had on a figure-hugging white mini dress and a wide belt that made her waist look tiny and her boobs look massive.

Meeting Shaun in the wine bar was quite an experience. A couple of hours later we were at his flat drinking wine and watching a sexy film.

"Are you getting turned on watching this?" Shaun asked as we stared at the scene of two women fondling each other while a bloke stood over them and masturbated.

"I should say so!" I exclaimed, shrugging my shoulders out of my top. Shaun watched enthralled as my boobs popped out and I started fondling them like the women on the screen had been doing. He crossed his legs in the hope of hiding the fact that he had a hard-on.

But Petra had spotted it. "What do you think's going on here?" she asked, pointing

to his crotch. "I think we should teach you a lesson!"

With that she bent down over Shaun — who was just staring at her — and yanked his flies down. I could feel my cunt getting wet at the sight of Petra towering over him. I really wanted to feel that prick inside me.

"What do you want me to do?" Shaun croaked as Petra wanked him.

"I think we should get you naked for starters," Petra replied, motioning me over. "We'll give you an idea of what to do first." With that she yanked my skirt down and pulled off my top, so that I was standing there in just my high heels. I did the same for her. Then we faced Shaun and started running our fingers over each other's boobs and pussies, like the girls in the film. When Petra slipped a finger between my cunt lips she pulled them apart, so that Shaun could see how wet and juicy I was. I could tell he was dying to wank himself off but he was dumbstruck by what was going on in front of him.

Petra's fingers were deep into my pussy now, stirring my juices around, and her thumb was playing with my hard little love button. My knees were shaking as she frigged me.

"Get on your knees and lick her," she suddenly ordered Shaun. "You know that's what you want to do."

Her fingers made a squelching noise as she pulled them out of my cunt and the next minute Shaun was on his knees, pushing his tongue right inside me, licking me in a frenzy of excitement. Looking down, I could see that his prick was stiff as a poker, jutting right up to his stomach. Any moment now he was going to shoot his load.

He was an expert tonguer anyway, and I had to gradually get down on the floor and lie back with my legs spread wide as my knees wouldn't support me any longer. Just before I closed my eyes and came for the first time, I looked up and saw that Petra was standing over us, watching and frigging herself. I'd never seen her looking so randy.

I moaned with pleasure as Shaun's tongue brought me off for the first time.

"I want your load for *my* pussy!" Petra told him.

"Please let me fuck you then," Shaun begged. "I can't wait much longer."

Petra knelt down on the floor with her back to him and pulled her bum cheeks apart so that he could see right into her pussy hole. She started running a finger up and down her slit, spreading all her juices everywhere, and looked right at him. "Come on then," she challenged him, "fuck me!"

Shaun didn't need any more urging. In seconds he was on his knees and thrusting his prick into Petra. I could see the look of bliss on his face as he sank into her wet, hot, juicy pussy and began to set up a rhythm. On Petra's face there was a look of total ecstasy as Shaun pushed deep into her. Her big boobs were swinging wildly and she was gasping and murmuring.

Petra trembled and shuddered violently then, obviously having a very satisfying orgasm. That was too much for Shaun.

Quick as a flash Petra pulled away and immediately shoved her pussy at my face. I knew what she wanted; we'd done it once before.

My tongue sank into her pussy and I licked up the most beautiful mixture of cunt juice and come. Just the smell of it filling my nostrils made me come again, and I pushed my fingers down onto my clitty so that I would come once more, jerking my whole body, the climax was so powerful.

Shaun took about an hour to recover from his huge orgasm, but Petra and I kept him entertained in the meantime, licking each other out and acting out scenes from some of the many sex videos he had in his collection. Then we took him on again, this time with him fucking me while Petra watched, finally sinking her pussy down on to his face so that he could lick out her dripping cunt.

Apparently he didn't make the next morning's training session, and he still looked a bit drained the next time we saw him. I don't think he'll dare to contact us again, and now we're looking for another bloke to take us on — but he'll have to be pretty fit! — *Anon, Essex*

Party Piece

My boyfriend Mark and I have what you could call an 'open' relationship. We've been seeing each other for four years now, and we share a flat in West London.

I found out fairly soon into our relationship that Mark gets incredibly turned-on if I flirt with other guys in his company, and indeed he even encourages me to do it — as long as I tell him all about it afterwards. However, flirting is as far as it had ever gone — until last month, that is.

One of Mark's friends invited us to a party. I decided to wear something pretty special, and I asked for Mark's opinion as I tried on different outfits.

I made Mark lie on the bed with his eyes shut, as I got dressed. I picked out my favourite black silk stockings and suspenders, complete with a tight half-cup bra. I wore a tiny black G-string pulled tightly against my crotch, with the thong pulled tight between my bum cheeks. The cool silk sliding over my naked skin felt incredibly sensual, and I could already feel a wet patch forming on the tiny triangle of the G-string.

"Okay, Mark — you can open your eyes!" I told him, and as he did his face lit up like the cat that had got the cream. "Well, do you like it then?" Mark didn't say anything but nodded his avid appreciation and I moved over to him, my slim hips swaying as I walked. From the bulge in his boxers I could see that my outfit had done the job. "Mmm, now what have we got here?" I asked as my hand snaked inside his shorts.

I pulled them down to his knees and in an instant I was flicking my wet tongue across his purple helmet,

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Strip me naked and have your wicked way with me. 0836 403 648.

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before sucking his whole length and bringing him off to a spurting climax. I gladly gulped down every last drop of his salty jizz.

We were out of the door and on our way to the party within the hour. I felt very sexy and glamorous as I walked into John's flat, and I could feel several pairs of eyes eagerly looking me and up and down. I had to admit I did look pretty good. I'd somehow managed to squeeze my 38D bust into a tight fitting black top with a plunging neckline that left very little to the imagination.

As usual Mark and I went our separate ways pretty early on, but wherever I went I was aware of his eyes following me to see who I'd chat up. When I came to a tasty looking bloke I'd simply look over at Mark and he'd be there eagerly egging me on. Then I noticed what was undoubtedly the best looking fella there. He looked about the same age as me, 29, tall with short dark hair, a beautifully chiselled face and a nice body. The cut of his trendy suit suggested to me that he also had a rather well proportioned cock!

In no time at all I'd found out his name, Sebastian and as much else as I needed to now about him — most importantly that he was single.

I glanced over at Mark who was chatting to a sexy brunette and he smiled back at me. Obviously Mark liked my choice.

I carried on chatting to Sebastian and we were getting along famously, so when he suggested a trip to the bedroom I wasn't surprised. I waited for Mark to come along and intervene, but there was no sign of him.

Well, there was only one thing for it. I followed Sebastian upstairs, and although I was still looking around for Mark, I secretly hoped he wouldn't turn up.

Sebastian tried one of the bedrooms and I was sure that as we opened the door I could hear Mark's voice! No wonder he wasn't around — he was in bed with someone else! That merely fueled my desire to be well and truly fucked by another guy. At least it would make a good story for Mark later!

As soon as Sebastian shut the door behind us I pulled him close to me and we kissed. Sebastian's hands crept up my skirt as he toyed with my G-string, pulling it tight between my cunt lips. I pulled off his shirt and started to kiss my way down his smooth hairless chest, lingering for a second as I sucked and licked around his hard nipples.

I could see his cock bulging against his trousers and so I unzipped them and let it spring out. I marvelled at his meat for a second before getting right down to business. I gently caressed his balls, then licked my way up the underside of his swollen shaft until I came to his helmet. Sebastian started slightly shaking — this man had a sensitive cock! I licked gently around before plunging my mouth all the way down his sticky shaft. I managed to take about three-quarters of his length and I slowly sucked it in and out until I felt Sebastian grab my hair as he released his creamy come deep into my mouth.

Sebastian wasted no time in returning the compliment. His expert hands had my top off in seconds, and his eyes lit up as he saw my half cup bra, and the way it pushed up my ample tits.

He unclasped my bra and released my heaving boobs before kissing his way down and then popping each nipple in turn into his mouth.

He then carried on kissing his way down over my flat stomach, lifted up the hem of my skirt, and I saw his head disappear underneath as he proceeded to kiss his way up my inner thighs!

I felt his hand pull aside my G-string and then his smooth tongue pushed deep into my hot cunt. He lapped all around my sensitive pussy, teasing my clitty with quick strokes. I dropped onto my knees as an orgasm rippled through me.

As we were kneeling on the floor facing each other, Sebastian pulled me towards him. As he lay on the floor on his back I mounted him. His thick cock slid easily into my dripping cunt and my cunt muscles gripped him tightly as I rode him for all I was worth.

He seemed to know just what to do to turn me on the most, and every little buck of his hips sent mini-orgasms searing through my cunt. I could feel the tension and excitement inside me building up until I knew I was about to come. What an incredible orgasm!

After that, it wasn't long before I saw that look on Sebastian's face that told me he was going to come again, and sure enough, seconds later he poured his second creamy load into me. I gripped his cock with my tight pussy walls as I milked him of every last drop.

We lay there for a while getting our breath back before we got dressed and ventured back down to the party again. Of course, Mark was there waiting for me with a sly grin on his face. It turned out that I'd been right — he had scored with the gorgeous brunette while I was in the room next door with Sebastian! We couldn't wait to get home and swap our horny stories — and then we had one of the best sex sessions we've ever had! — *Mary, London*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

Barbados boffing

My name's Laura and I'd like to tell you about my holiday adventure. Last year, my boyfriend Paul won a travel competition — two tickets to Barbados. Unfortunately, the dates for the holiday clashed with a problem at work, and he couldn't go. "But we can't waste the tickets," he said. "Why don't you take one of your mates?"

I telephoned my mate Sandy and told her the good news. "Count me in!" she exclaimed down the phone. Enthusiastic and energetic are words which most people would use to describe Sandy — which makes her ideal for a fun holiday.

Three days later we were on the plane to Barbados. Sandy had really gone to town on the holiday gear. Her thick brown hair was tied up with a bright scarf, leaving her smooth shoulders bare. She wore a thin vest top, and because we were still just above Gatwick and it was pretty chilly, her nipples poked against the thin material. Sandy loves the attention her boobs bring her; sometimes even when it's not cold, she'll give them a tweak so that they stand out hard. Her tight denim shorts showed off her bum in a way that made me envious, and certainly got her noticed. Every man in the plane had his eyes fixed on her when she wiggled off to the toilet, her pert and bra-less boobs bouncing under her top.

I suppose I looked a bit more conservative. My blonde hair was loose, and I wore my favourite sundress with a cardigan. Sandy always pokes fun at me for being too shy; little did I know that this holiday was going to change all that!

When we landed, we were both pretty tired and so we headed straight to our hotel. The prize was for a couple, and so we had a room with twin beds. Both of us collapsed and grabbed some much needed sleep.

What we didn't realise was that we'd come to Barbados at the beginning of the rainy season. I woke up to an explosion of thunder, followed by sheets of rain battering on our veranda and against the window. A storm was sweeping the island.

Now if there's one thing I'm terrified of, it's storms. I hid my face under the pillow and cowered at each clap of thunder. I glanced at Sandy and saw that she was sleeping peacefully.

Trying not to shake, I got out of bed and went over. "Sandy, wake up," I said, touching her shoulder. She opened her eyes and looked puzzled. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I'm terrified of storms," I admitted, a bit embarrassed to be so cowardly. "Can I get in bed with you?"

"If you think it will make it better — of course," she said and moved over. I hopped in and felt instantly safer. The storm got louder and louder, and instinctively I drew towards her.

Before I knew it, my face was nestling against her breasts. All my sleepiness instantly left me, and I suddenly felt very self-conscious, because the rise and fall of her nipples against my cheeks and lips was unexpectedly exciting.

I moved my head away, and she, to my surprise, moved closer again. She gently pulled my face towards her, and this time my lips rubbed against her nipples through her top. They sprang up hard and suddenly it was all I could do not to lift up her top and take one of them into my mouth. I froze as I felt her hands running through my hair and down to the nape of my neck. Little shivers ran through my body to my pussy.

I forgot about the storm as Sandy caressed my shoulders and then began to undo my sundress. Her fingers traced the outline of my hard nipples through my bra, and then she gently cupped my boob, squeezing and rubbing

it gently. The friction was delicious; as Sandy played with my boobs my hand slid between my thighs and my finger pressed lightly on my clit. We briefly pulled apart and took off our clothes.

My pussy lips were soft and plump as pillows. I ran my finger over the hairy outside and then slid my finger along the sensitive inside. My finger grew sticky as I teased my hole.

Sensations rippled through my body, made more intense as Sandy rubbed her hand firmly down my body, and pressed her palm against my pussy mound.

She eased my hand away from my pussy and pulled my hips towards her, pressing her mound against mine. She moved in a circular motion against me. Her pubic hair prickled against me, and soon it was too much for me to stop myself. I pushed her on her back, and kissed my way down her taut stomach to her pussy mound. I elbowed off the covers as I licked right between her cunt lips, tasting, for the first time, her pussy juice. It was sticky and sweet and started to drive me wild. I was unsure what to do, so I decided to lick her exactly as I would love to be licked.

I pressed the tip of my tongue against the soft hood of her clit, and felt a flood of juice in response. Her clit turned into a hard little button against my tongue, and she moaned and pushed herself against me.

As I licked her I stroked my slit with my own finger. We were both approaching a climax. I ran my tongue down her slit and thrust it hard into her pussy.

She moaned, and as I thrust into her again and again, she grabbed my hair with both hands and arched her back. I felt her pussy contracting against my lips and tongue and my mouth filled with her juice. I had never experienced anything like it, nor anything like the orgasm which surged through me.

We lay side by side, panting and exhausted. I was a little embarrassed, but Sandy stroked my hair and said, "I bet you never knew it could be this fun with a girl, did you?"

I had to agree that it had been the most amazing romp of my sex-life. We spent the next few days in bed and lying together on the beach, diving back into the hotel whenever a rainstorm threatened to break.

Sex with Sandy was a revelation, and so exciting, but I knew I wasn't a lesbian at heart. I missed Paul's hard cock deep inside me. We had always had a really rampant sex-life.

After a week, I missed him so much that I went off to the beach on my own. I was lying on the beach with my eyes closed, enjoying the hot sun on my skin, when I suddenly felt firm hands running up my leg.

I froze, not sure if it was Sandy or not. The hands were rubbing oil into my thigh, and as they slipped up as far as my crotch, I realised they were a man's hands.

I sat up with a squeal of alarm, and saw that Paul was sitting on the sand before me, with a big grin on his face.

"I missed you too much," he said. "So here I am."

I kissed him and he lay next to me on my towel. He asked how things had been going, and, because I couldn't keep it to myself any longer, I

confessed my sexy adventure with sexy Sandy.

I wasn't sure what his reaction would be, but when looked over at him, I could see his big cock had begun to swell inside his trunks. "I didn't know you liked that sort of thing," he said breathlessly.

Just then Sandy arrived, and seemed just as overjoyed to see Paul as I was. The idea began to form in my mind that now was the time to make my new fantasy come true — having Sandy and Paul at once. Then I could have Sandy's amazing fingers on my clit and nipples, and Paul's cock deep inside my cunt.

"Let's go back to the hotel for a celebration," Sandy said, obviously with the same idea in mind as me.

As soon as we got into the room, Paul pulled me to him and kissed me. He ran his tongue around my lips, and pushed it deep into my mouth. His hands gripped my bum through my tiny bikini bottoms and kneaded my bum cheeks together, instantly making my clitty begin to swell out of its hood and my pussy begin to get very damp.

Sandy stood behind me and rubbed her pussy mound against his hand. She reached round Paul and squeezed his bum through his shorts. The effect on Paul was instant. His cock sprang up hard and eager against my stomach. I was getting really turned on now, with the two sexiest people I know writhing on either side of me. My boobs were squashed against Paul and my nipples were erect and pressing through my bikini bra-top.

I unzipped Paul's shorts and pulled them down. They fell around his ankles and he stepped out of them, and Sandy gave a gasp as her fingers dug into his bare firm bum flesh.

It felt like ages since I had seen and sucked Paul's cock. It was rigid against me as I fell to my knees and gently licked the end, before sinking his whole delicious length between my lips. Paul was as eager as I was. He moaned and pushed his hips forward as I stroked his balls, and grasped the root of his cock so that I could suck him even more firmly.

Sandy knelt behind me and

slid her hands onto my boobs. She kneaded and grabbed them, then reached down between my legs to my clit. As I sucked harder and faster on Paul's cock I moved my hips round on Sandy's fingertip.

Soon it was more than I could bear. I could feel Sandy's nipples like hard points against my back, as she slid her finger along my slit to my wet cunt. She slipped one finger in, and then two, thrusting harder and faster.

I tried to concentrate on Paul's cock as the first small spasms of an orgasm coursed through me. Paul was nearing a climax, and as I drew his shaft into my mouth in one last lingering suck, he moaned and filled my mouth with his salty load.

I gulped it all down, and just in time. As I licked Paul's cock dry, I felt my own orgasm build up, then finally explode deep inside me. I squirmed wildly on Sandy's finger, giving myself climax after climax.

Sandy meanwhile had been discreetly bringing herself off, and came in front of us both, her fingers buried inside her pussy. Her face was a picture of ecstasy as she arched her back and let out a long gasp. Naturally, this horny sight got Paul and I randy all over again!

I had never realised sex could be so good as it was on that holiday. Things got a bit complicated as now we're a permanent threesome and we always have to go on holiday together! — *Laura, Edinburgh*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Shower Power!

Until recently, I was convinced that the horny stories in Club were nothing more than wishful thinking. Surely outrageous things like those don't happen to ordinary people like me! But last month, when I went to Tenerife with my girlfriend, something happened to prove me completely wrong.

On the third morning after our arrival, I got up first and went for a shower, but when I turned on the taps, nothing happened. I was heading for our neighbour's apartment, to ask if I could use theirs, when the door to number five suddenly opened.

Standing in the doorway was the most irresistible girl I'd ever seen. Her long blonde hair fell over her tanned shoulders, and her short bathrobe barely covered her bum. Her fantastic legs seemed to go on for ever.

The girl introduced herself as Clare, and beckoned me in. I felt a bit silly clad only in a towel, especially as my hardening cock began to form a noticeable ridge beneath it. As soon as I got inside the bathroom I let my towel drop to the floor, and my dick was fully erect within moments.

As I stood there, curiosity got the better of me, and I knelt down and peeped through the keyhole. To my astonishment, I was rewarded by the sight of Clare standing a few feet away, dressed in just a pair of skimpy white panties. Her body was even better than I had expected!

Suddenly Clare began to bend and stretch, obviously following an exercise routine. She arched her back provocatively, making her firm tits rise seductively, and then she began to massage her beautiful boobs slowly and sensuously. Her fingers moved to her nipples, circling them and gently rubbing them until they stood out like firm little points.

I couldn't resist any longer; my own hand wrapped around my cock and I started wanking myself, careful not to go too fast, as Clare's fingers slid downwards towards the top of her panties. I was hoping she'd take them off, but instead she began to rub herself through the cotton.

I was tempted to dash into the room and offer her my robbing cock to play with, ut I was afraid this sexy ow would stop, so I stayed here I was.

I could see a damp patch spreading through Clare's panties as she paid special attention to her clitty. The slit of her plump pussy lips was clearly outlined by the damp fabric, and I wasn't sure how much longer I could keep going without shooting my

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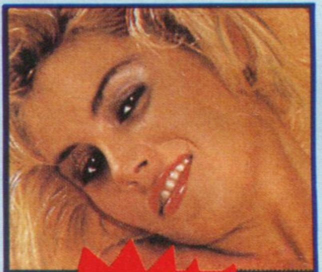

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load all over the floor.

Then Clare took her panties right off, stood up straight with her legs apart, and parted her cunt lips with one hand while the other concentrated on her clit. Her index finger flicked rapidly over it, and her breathing became heavier. One finger, and then another, found its way into her glistening hole.

Clare's fingers began to probe deeper, and she was biting her bottom lip in total concentration as her whole body vibrated to the rhythm of her fingers.

She sank to her knees, her thighs spread wide as she fingered herself furiously. Then she suddenly clenched her thighs shut over her hand as an intense climax hit her.

It was the horniest thing I'd ever seen in my life, and my own climax followed at once. As the first spurt of spunk hit the bathroom door, Clare strode over to the door and yanked it open. There I was, crouching on the ground, my hand grasping my cock as it pumped out the last few drops of spunk.

Clare laughed. "Do you realise I knew exactly what you were up to?" she asked. My jaw dropped. "You never even switched the shower on," she giggled. Before I could reply, she'd turned the water on and pulled me under it. Her arms went around me as she kissed me passionately, and as she pressed her hot body firmly against mine I felt my cock begin to twitch once again.

My finger wriggled into her cunt, still sticky from its recent attention, and I began to finger fuck her vigorously. Her hand closed around my cock and matched my pace. Three of my fingers were deep inside her dripping haven, steering her towards a second climax.

I unhooked the shower attachment and, kneeling down, aimed the powerful jet of water right at Clare's pussy. I was rewarded by a moan of ecstasy, and Clare pushed my head firmly towards her cunt. Now I knew exactly what she wanted, and holding the shower head against her stomach so the water cascaded over her thighs and cunt lips, I started to lick her out. Almost immediately

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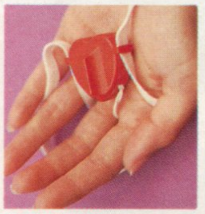

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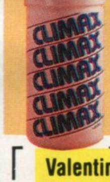

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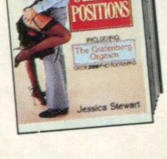

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another climax rippled through her body.

When her orgasm had subsided, Clare knelt beside me and lowered her mouth onto my rigid dick. She massaged my shaft with one hand, and fingered herself with the other, as she sucked and licked my cock until I shot my second load down her throat.

Clare wrapped a big, fluffy towel around me, found another for herself, and led me back into the main room. It was a studio apartment, and there was a big bed in the corner which we sank onto. The sun was shining and the room was warm, so our bodies were dry in no time — and to my surprise, even after the work-out we'd just had, the dirty expression on Clare's face soon had me feeling randy all over again!

I was just wondering if Clare was feeling the same when she did something which left me in no doubt that she was. As I lay watching her, she let the towel fall away from her body so she was lying on her back on the bed, totally naked and obviously well aware of the effect her amazingly sexy body was having on me.

Grinning cheekily at me, she started rubbing all around her pussy with her fingers, before sliding two of them right into her cunt. I'd never met a girl with such a high sex-drive; but I certainly wasn't complaining!

Watching Clare playing with herself instantly had my dick hard again, and she wrapped her hand around it and started wanking me, stroking my cock to the same rhythm she was using on herself. She was moaning softly, obviously getting really excited.

Suddenly she straddled me and sank down slowly until my cock was just nudging at her pussy lips. I could feel how wet she was, and I was longing to get right inside her, but she had other ideas.

Holding my cock firmly beneath her, she started to rub herself back and forth so my dick end was stroking up and down on her clitty. As she went faster and faster I could tell she was in a world of her own — and then, as the full force of her climax hit her, she slid my cock right into her, so I could feel her spasming pussy walls grip me tight.

I neraly came then and there, but somehow I managed to hold back. Slowly at first, I started to buck my hips, thrusting up into Clare's wet cunt. Then quicker, until both of us came in a glorious explosion of incredible sensation.

As I left Clare's apartment, showered and well and truly satisfied, she promised we'd meet up later in the week. But there was more to come.

"Did you have fun with Clare?" my girlfriend asked, as I walked through the door. I was speechless. As I stood there, my mouth open in amazement, my previously straight-laced girlfriend explained how she'd met Clare the previous day — and ended up having a torrid lezzie session with her! Then the two girls had dreamt up the idea of disconnecting our shower, so that Clare could have her wicked way with me as well!

When I got over my shock, the funny side of the situation had me in hysterics... but best of all, both Clare and my girlfriend were game for further frolics. The rest of the week went with quite a bang!

— Andrew, West London ♣

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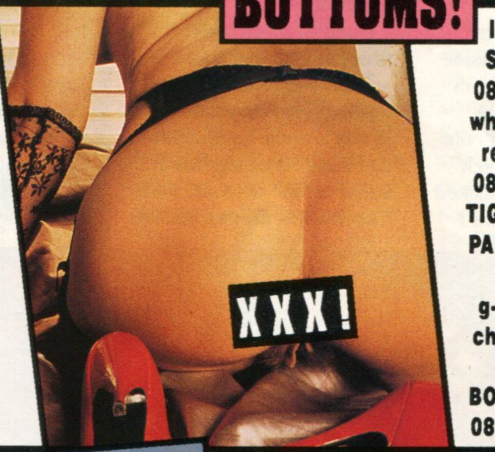

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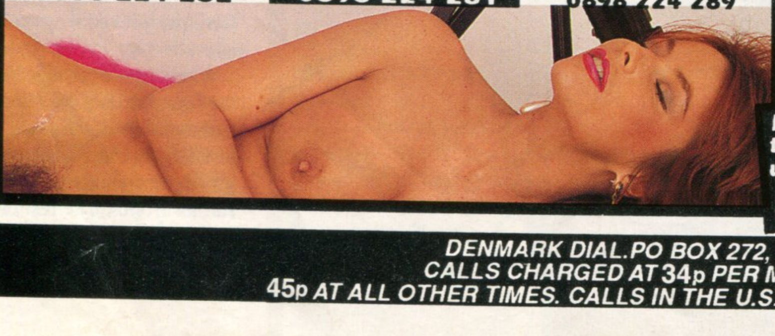

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WET & WANTING
ON 0898 224 221
Hear me do it on the phone...
0898 224 232
HOT LICKER
0898 224 204
GIRL TO GIRL
HOTLINE!!
0898 224 224
SUCKING SUZIE
ON 0898 224 200!

STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY!

LIP LINES (ORAL)

MOUTHING YOU OFF	0898 224 207
69 SENSATIONS!	0898 224 203
IN MY MOUTH	0898 224 205
SMUDGED LIPSTICK	0898 224 208
LET ME DO IT TO YOU	0898 224 206
XXX-RATED ORAL ORGY	0898 224 209
GIVE IT TO ME!	0898 224 202
DEEP THROAT DELIGHTS	0898 224 201

BOOB SPECIAL

LICK MY BREASTS	0898 224 240
REAL BIG TITS!	0898 224 245
FULL, FIRM'N'FONDLED	0898 224 248
NO BRA, NO KNICKERS	0898 224 242
CLEAVAGE CLIMAX	0898 224 249
NAUGHTY NANCY'S BIG NIPPLES	0898 224 247
MASSAGE MY BOOBS	0898 224 241
UNCLIP MY BRA	0898 224 244
MILK ME!	0898 224 246
MY NIPPLES BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS	0898 224 243

KINKY UNDERWEAR

COME IN MY PANTIES	0898 224 216
CAUGHT WITH THEM DOWN	0898 224 212
WEAR MY USED KNICKERS	0898 224 215
UNDIES EROTICA	0898 224 218
PURE WHITE PANTIES	0898 224 210
HAVE MY WORN ONES	0898 224 213
LET ME PULL THEM DOWN	0898 224 219
AROUND MY ANKLES	0898 224 217
FRILLY SKIMPY AND CROTCHLESS!	0898 224 211
PULLED TO ONE SIDE	0898 224 214

GIRL GIRL ACTION

LESBIAN CONFESSIONS	0898 224 223
LIPS TO LIPS	0898 224 225
GIRL LOVERS GET IT	0898 224 220
CHERYL LOVES LOUISE	0898 224 227
LISA GETS IT LICKED	0898 224 229
I USED HER HAND	0898 224 226
HORNY SISTERS	0898 224 222
LESBIAN LOVE IN	0898 224 228

HOT & HARD - XXXRATED!

LOVING MYSELF

LIVE SEX TALK ON	0898 300 003
SOLO SEDUCTION	0898 224 236
TWICE AS NICE	0898 224 239
BREAST FRIENDS!	0898 224 231
JOIN ME WHILE I DO IT	0898 224 234
PUSSY PALS	0898 224 238
TASTE OF TRACY	0898 224 237
VIBRATOR SEX, WET & SLIPPERY	0898 224 235
I LOVE TO LOVE MYSELF	0898 224 233
FINGER LICKING	0898 224 230

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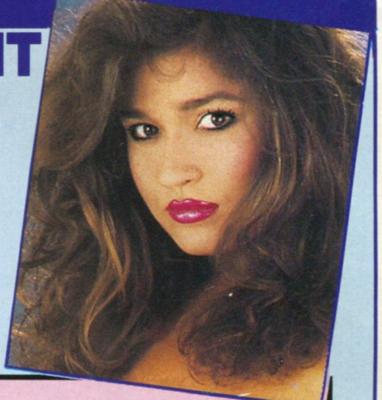

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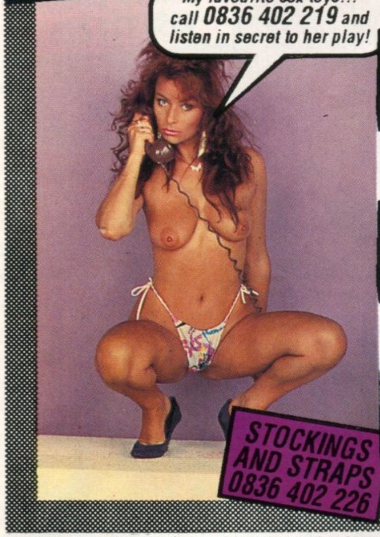
CALL OR ELSE...0836 402 218

TAKE ME! FROM BEHIND 0836 402 224

HEAR WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU! 0836 402 217

SPANK MY WIFE HARD! 0836 402 221

ADULT UNCENSORED XXX TALK ON 0836 402 223



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RUBBER ORGASM
0836 402 216

UP MY SKIRT
0836 402 220

GOOD VIBRATIONS
0836 402 222

RUBBER DOLL SXX
0836 402 225

2 GIRLS - 1 TOY
0836 402 228

STOCKINGS AND STRAPS 0836 402 226

AND NOW FOR A GOOD LICKING
0836 402 227

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London SW11.

SEX SLAVE NEEDED ON 0898 884 210

NEW! HOT ADULT SESSIONS ON 0898 884 211

Masturbation Special 0898 884 205

"I'M ON ALL FOURS -CALL ME!" 0898 884 212

I've seen it all, & done it all!! 0898 884 204

LISTEN TO ME - DO IT NOW! 0898 884 203

"...put it in my mouth!" 0898 884 207

RANDY RUBBER LESBIANS! 0898 884 202

TAKE MY LACEY PANTIES 0898 884 200

NEW! PUSSY NEEDS CREAM! 0898 884 206

SIZZLING SEX SECRETS ON 0898 884 213

bare bottoms waiting... 0898 884 209

WEAR MY P.V.C. PLAYSUIT! 0898 884 214

I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO DREAM ABOUT! 0898 884 201

I'LL STRIP FOR YOU! 0898 884 208

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ALL NEW LINES!
TRY IT YOU MIGHT LIKE IT! 0898 884 706

WARNING! STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY!

DAMP PANTIES, HOT LIPS 0898 884 700
PRIVATE INTERVIEWS - LISTEN! 0898 884 701
SHE TASTED SO GOOD 0898 884 702
CREAMY CHEEKS 0898 884 703
PUMP ME HARD 0898 884 704
MOIST & PARTED 0898 884 705
MY MOUTH IS EAGER FOR YOU 0898 884 707
OPENING MY LEGS 0898 884 708
IN THE BATH 0898 884 709
XXX SPANK LINE 0898 884 710
BABY OIL SPECIAL 0898 884 711
SEX MANIACS CLUB 0898 884 712
TWO AT ONCE 0898 884 713
ERIC BECOMES ERICA 0898 884 714

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Sticky Bits!

0898 ★ 900 500

MY FINGERS WILL DO IT FOR YOU! 0898 900 509

I NEED A LITTLE XXXTRA ATTENTION 0898 900 512

MY LIPS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE! 0898 900 503

Rubber~clad romp! 0898 900 513

cream over my stockings! 0898 900 501

bimbo delights 0898 900 504

I'M A SUCKER FOR IT! 0898 900 505

My husband and the neighbour 0898 900 510

GREEDY GROPING 0898 900 506

Hear my deepest fantasy! 0898 900 511

I'LL DO WHAT THE WIFE WON'T DO! 0898 900 508

SABRINA "I'll tell you about my fetish" 0898 900 507

GET READY FOR ME THEN DIAL! 0898 900 502

Doing it on the phone 0898 900 514

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SCAN SEX SYSTEMS, P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11.

SCAN SEX SPECIAL!

DIRTY DRESSING UP 0898 884 314

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE 0898 884 303

Only for very experienced men! on 0898 884 309

WHITE PANTIES, FLUSHED CHEEKS! 0898 884 310

Me and my dirty books! 0898 884 306

I WILL REVEAL ALL 0898 884 308

My panties in your pocket... 0898 884 300

OVER MY DESK! XXXX CALL 0898 884 301

Let me tell you what to do to it on 0898 884 312

SHE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW 0898 884 302

I want it the hard way... 0898 884 313

DIRTY XXX DIAL IN 0898 884 305

I'm open all hours! Just call 0898 884 311

LINDA LOVES LACE! 0898 884 304

Fanny FiNGERS Listen to her! 0898 884 307

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I'LL LEND YOU MY HAND 0898 777 816
FRUSTRATED HOUSEWIFE 0898 777 817
EROTIC EASTERN GIRLS 0898 777 819
I DO THE KINKIEST SEX 0898 777 824
OILED & READY FOR YOU 0898 777 829

DIAL ME & DO IT! 0898 777 826
I'LL LICK YOUR B***S! 0898 777 827
ALL GIRLS STRAP ON PARTY 0898 777 821
DEEP IN MY THROAT 0898 777 822
PHONE A GROAN 0898 777 825

Don't just look- CALL ME NOW! 0898 777 818

DRESS FOR DISCIPLINE 0898 777 823

"I'LL TELL YOU HOW I LIKE IT!" 0898 777 815

SOLO SEDUCTION 0898 777 820

BACK DOOR DESIRES ! 0898 777 828

Call Girls Inc., P.O. Box 272, London SW11. Calls charged at 34p per min. cheap rate, 45p all other times. C/2/1/C.

NEW CALLERS EXPLICIT SEX CONFESSIONS 0836 400 700

ORAL SEX 0836 400 999

I TASTE GOOD 0836 400 807

SHE SHAVED ME 0836 400 696

LIFT MY SKIRT 0836 400 783

DEBEE ASHBY - STRIP ME 0836 400 932

MY FAVOURITE POSITION 0836 400 690

BAD GIRLS NEED DISCIPLINE 0836 400 882

FRUSTRATED HOUSEWIFE 0836 400 870

MY FIRST ORGASM 0836 400 834

I'M READY & WAITING FOR YOUR CALL 0836 400 768

HOUSEWIFE WANTS SEX 0836 400676

MY MOUTH IS READY 0836 400 762

LESBIAN HOUSEWIVES ORGY 0836 400 811

2 GIRLS 1 GUY 0836 400 797

MISS SPANK'S SPECIAL SERVICE 0836 400 730

LESBIAN REQUIRES MEN TO WATCH 0836 400 892

MY WIFE NEEDS YOU BIG BOY ! 0836 400 794

LATE NIGHT SEX ACTION
Orgasm Club After 9PM 0836 400 850
Climax Club After 12AM 0836 400 826
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ELECTRIC LINES PRESENT:

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GROUP SHAVEN SEX THERAPY! 0898 777 915

ALL NEW!! DIAL NOW!

I CAN GIVE YOU PAIN AND PLEASURE 0898 777 923

THE LATE NIGHT STRIP SPECIAL 0898 777 920

HARD PLASTIC PLEASURE 0898 777 924

TASTY PORTIONS! 0898 777 922

MY FAVOURITE POSTION 0898 777 928

PRIVATE SESSIONS! 0898 777 929

WET PANTIES PINK LIPS 0898 777 919

LET ME SIT ON YOUR XXXX! 0898 777 918

MY HANDS WILL EXCITE YOU! 0898 777 926

HARD - ON SPECIAL 0898 777 916

UNFAITHFUL CONFESSIONS 0898 777 917

I WANT IT IN A SPECIAL WAY! 0898 777 927

I'LL TEASE YOU ALL THE WAY! 0898 777 921

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YOUR OWN PERSONAL MISTRESS! 0898 884 220

CLEAN CUT FUN WITH SHAVING SARAH! 0898 884 215

SPANKED but SATISFIED! 0898 884 228

SEX EXPERTS REQUIRED! 0898 884 216

LISA LAPS IT ALL UP! 0898 884 222

PLASTIC PLEASURES! 0898 884 224

X-RATED ORAL PLEASURE! 0898 884 227

MY SISTER IS A LESBIAN 0898 884 221

XXX TITLES 0898 884 219

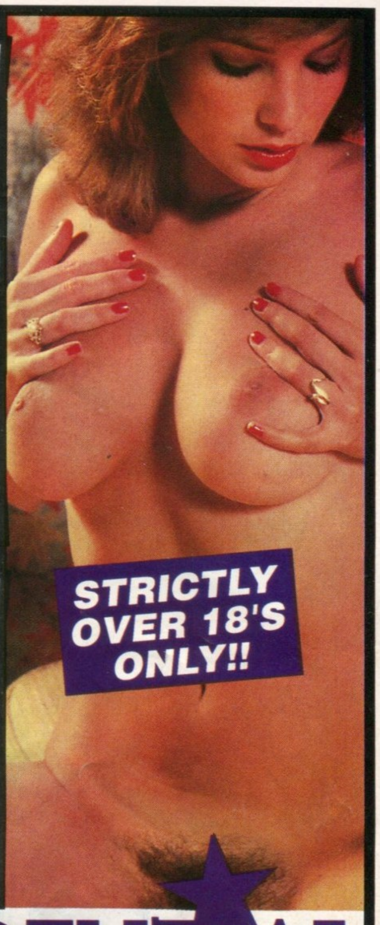
MEN NEEDED FOR HORNY HOUSE WIVES 0898 884 217

WEAR MY PANTIES! 0898 884 226

TEASING TURN-ON! 0898 884 218

HOT & HORNY NYMPHO AT 18! 0898 884 229

WILD, WET & WILLING! 0898 884 225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THE HOTTEST SEX DIAL

LESBIANS	0898 200926
KNICKERLESS	0898 200928
RANDY HOUSEWIFE	0898 200929
REALLY DIRTY	0898 200931
PLAIN KINKY	0898 200932
BACK ALLEY SEX	0898 200936
DEEP THROAT	0898 200939
EXPLICIT ENCOUNTERS	0898 200944
TAKE MY WIFE	0898 200951
REALLY EROTIC	0898 200978
HUSBAND AWAY, RING ME	0898 200979
THE BITCH	0898 200989
HAND REARED	0898 200991
HORNY SEX	0898 200992
LICK SPECIAL	0898 200994
MASTURBATION	0898 200996
THINK DIRTY AND CALL ME	0898 200997
STRICTLY SEX	0898 200998
SEX PARTIES	0898 200999

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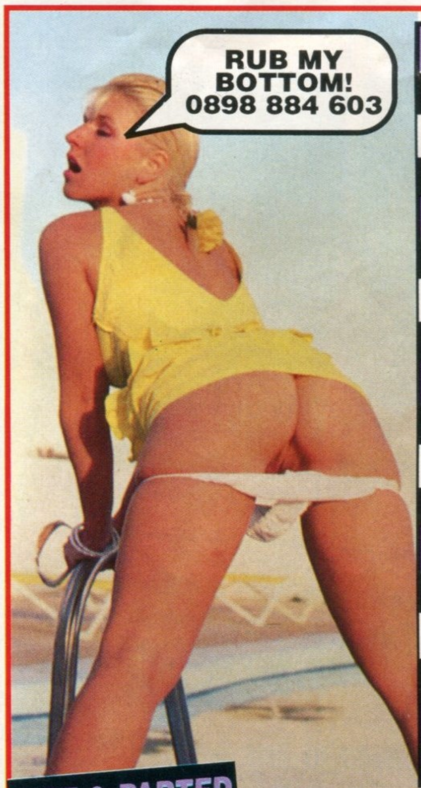

SLAP & TICKLE 0898 884 604

NYMPHOS IN NYLON DO IT THEMSELVES 0898 884 605

MAN REQUIRED FOR STRICT MISTRESS 0898 884 610

I'LL TAKE IT ALL 0898 884 613

GIRLS NEXT DOOR 0898 884 606

HOT SEX DESIRES 0898 884 600

WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING DIFFERENT ? 0898 884 601

TELEPHONE TURN-ON 0898 884 602

EROTIC EXHIBITIONISTS 0898 884 609

WET & PARTED FOR YOU 0898 884 611

HORNY NYMPHO WANTS YOU NOW 0898 884 612

TONGUE LASHING LUST 0898 884 607

XXX RATED EROTIC PHONE AFFAIR 0898 884 608

HE WEARS MY PANTIES 0898 884 614

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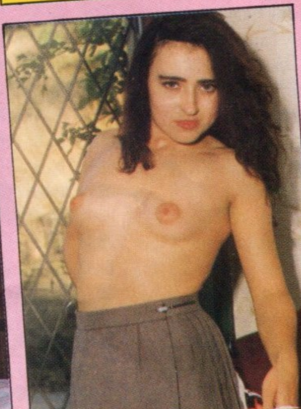

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☐ 1 hour video Mary £15
☐ 1 hour video Eva £15
☐ 1 hour video Andrea £15
☐ 1 hour video Farah £15
☐ 1 hour video Emmy £15
☐ 1 hour video Linda £15
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Randy Girls Talk	0898 100 432 (C)
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Oral Pleasure	0898 300 819 (D)
In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
My Black Stockings	0898 100 447 (C)
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 100 487 (D)
Wet T-Shirt	0898 300 814 (A)
Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys	0898 300 816 (E)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All	0898 700 368 (D)
Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me	0898 300 817 (A)
Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other	0898 300 811 (B)
Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 355 (E)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping	0898 700 355 (A)
I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You	0898 700 368 (C)
Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us	0898 300 814 (D)
Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You	0898 300 816 (C)
Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party	0898 700 355 (B)
My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties	0898 100 432 (A)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You	0898 100 465 (A)
Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience	0898 300 814 (E)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please	0898 100 465 (D)
I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me	0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do) 0898 300 820 (A)

Filthy Talk
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things) 0898 300 820 (E)

Nobble The Virgin
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

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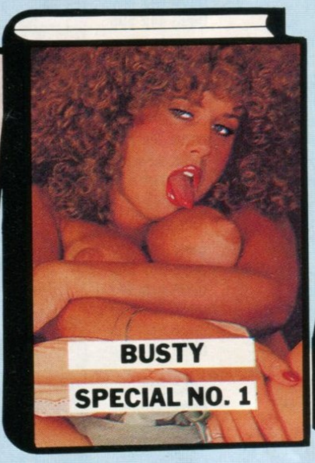
STORIES OF SEX

NAUGHTY NEIGHBOURS



ANGEL'S BACK

STORIES OF SEX

Six explicit stories of sex featuring: —

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- the Convict who screws the nympho blonde into ecstasy
- the Mystery Man who shafts the girl in an empty house
- the Musician who lets the girls play with his instrument
- the Best Friend's Husband screws her while his wife's out
- the Ex-lovers meet again for one last magnificent sex orgy

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A chink in the curtain reveals the wife-swapping antics in a surburban town. John screws Peter's wife Sally, while Peter gets his end away orally, so to speak, with John's wife. Meanwhile, Carol and Claire are into a lesbian screwing session and Allan's wife, Jackie is showing the workmen the crack that she wants filled.

BUSTY SPECIAL NO. 1

When little Alice spills a drink down the dress of Margaret, the big busted blonde, she strips off and lets Alice dry her body, including those big, bulging tits. Then Alice gives her a baby oil massage, finding her way into every nook and cranny, until Margaret is completely satisfied.

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- **NAUGHTY NEIGHBOURS**
- **BUSTY SPECIAL NO. 1**
- **ANGEL'S BACK**

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1424

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What My Fingers Are Doing	0898 362 672
Feeling Very Horny	0898 362 678
My Lesbian Experience	0898 362 676
Very Experienced At 50	0898 362 674

MOUTH ACTION

My Mouth Is Ready	0898 442 217
Oral Pleasure	0898 442 218
In My Mouth	0898 442 219
All The Way	0898 442 220
My Tongue Around It	0898 442 221
I'll Swallow It	0898 442 223

GIRLS TOGETHER

Lesbian Oral Action	0898 442 224
Games and Special Toys	0898 442 225
Shower Lust	0898 442 226
Sixty Nine Girls	0898 442 227
Lesbian Fantasies	0898 442 228
Down On Each Other	0898 442 229

TAKE THAT!

Spanked Till Satisfied	0898 442 230
On My Lap	0898 442 231
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 442 232
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 442 233
Bend Over, Take That	0898 442 234
Smack My Bottom	0898 442 235

T.V. FUN

Dressed To Please	0898 442 236
Swapping With The Wife	0898 442 237
T.V. In Soho	0898 442 238
In Front Of The Mirror	0898 442 239

DRESSED TO PLEASE

My Black Stockings	0898 442 240
Striptease For You	0898 442 241
Mini Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 245
Wet T Shirt	0898 442 246
Bra Busting 42D	0898 442 247

SPECIALS

You've Been Naughty	0898 442 248
Stocks & Bonds	0898 442 249
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 442 456
Nympho Housewife	0898 442 257
Play With Me	0898 442 258
Treated Like A Slave	0898 442 259
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 442 260
Video Vixens	0898 442 261
Dirty Talk	0898 442 262
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 442 263
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 442 264
Licking Girls	0898 442 265

CONTINENTAL

Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 442 266
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 442 267
Hot Danish Girls	0898 442 268
Try The Filipino Way	0898 442 269

PERSONAL PLEASURE

Let Me Slide It In	0898 442 270
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 442 271
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 442 272
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 442 273
Lesbian First Time	0898 442 274
Climax With Me	0898 442 275
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 442 276
Oral Satisfaction	0898 442 277
French Oral	0898 442 278
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 442 279

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Whacko	0898 442 233
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After The Game	0898 362 682

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Wicked Tongue	0898 442 220
My Mouth Is Open	0898 442 219
Deep Throat	0898 442 218
Tongue Tied	0898 442 217

HOT ACTION

Wild Lesbians At It	0898 442 280
A Good Hard Spank	0898 442 281
Hand Relief	0898 442 282
In My Knickers	0898 442 283
Randy Housewife	0898 442 284
	0898 442 285
Restrained Pleasure	0898 442 588
Boobs For You	0898 442 589
Mistress Will Do Anything	0898 442 590
Hot Lips To Please	0898 442 591
Wet & Ready	0898 700 592
Gay College Girls	0898 300 593
Ultimate Pleasure	0898 300 594
Six Of The Best	0898 300 595
I'll Play With You	0898 300 596

ALL THE WAY

My Knickers Are Down	0898 442 597
Let Me Make It Grow	0898 442 598
Wet Dreams	0898 442 162
Girls Strap it On	0898 442 164
Dirty Talker	0898 442 194
Shaved & Ready	0898 362 679
It Watched My Neighbour	0898 362 680
Come With Me	0898 362 681

GAY FUN

Brian In The Showers	0898 362 682
Mens Talk	0898 362 675
Cycle Club Lust	0898 362 676

FANTASY DIALING

Aged 50 & Experienced	0898 362 674
First Time Lesbian	0898 362 676
Randy and Ready	0898 362 678
My Fingers Are Playing	0898 362 672
Slow Start/Fast Finish	0898 362 673

INFERNO LINES

My Hand Will Excite	0898 300 596
Whacking Good Time	0898 300 595
Any And Every Way	0898 300 594
College Lesbians	0898 300 593
Wet & Willing	0898 700 592
Oral Action	0898 442 591
I'll Do Anything	0898 442 590
Explore My Boobs	0898 442 589
Bound To Please	0898 442 588
	0898 442 285
Frustrated Wife	0898 442 284
Knicker Delight	0898 442 283
Taken In Hand	0898 442 282
Spanked Till Satisfied	0898 442 281
Lesbians Go All The Way	0898 442 280

SHE MAN DELIGHT

Posing On The Corner	0898 442 239
T.V. On The Town	0898 442 238
In My Wife's Undies	0898 442 237
Dressed To Thrill	0898 442 236

BIZARRE

Girls Using Their Tongues	0898 442 265
Next Door Nympho	0898 442 264
Girls Into Rubber	0898 442 263
Talking Like A Tart	0898 442 262
Hot Video Girls	0898 442 261
Hand Job	0898 442 260
Strict Mistress Dominates	0898 442 259
Climax With Me	0898 442 258
Husband Away Let's Play	0898 442 257
Lesbian Next Door	0898 442 256
	0898 442 249
1-2-3-, Over My Knee	0898 442 248

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Oriental Special	0898 442 269
Scandinavian Orgy	0898 442 268
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Danish 'O' Level	0898 442 266

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My Neighbour & My Wife	0898 362 680
My Roving Razor	0898 362 679
I'll Talk Dirty	0898 442 194
Two Girls, One Toy	0898 442 164
Climax Over Me	0898 442 162
I'll Unzip You	0898 442 598
Take My Knickers Off	0898 442 597

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Big Boobs To Please	0898 442 247
See Through Blouse	0898 442 246
Stockings To Delight	0898 442 245
Split Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Strip Special	0898 442 241
Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 240

PLEASURE LINES

42D – Play With Me	0898 442 278
I'll Take It All	0898 442 277
Ready For You	0898 442 276
Let's Climax Together	0898 442 275
Bonking Lesbians	0898 442 274
Get It Out	0898 442 273
Playing With Myself	0898 442 272
Fantasise With Me	0898 442 271
All The Way	0898 442 270

ALL GIRL ACTION

Playing Together	0898 442 229
Lesbian Desires	0898 442 228
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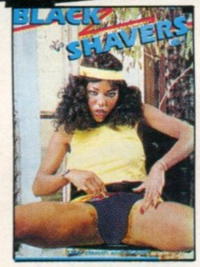

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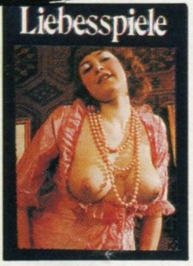

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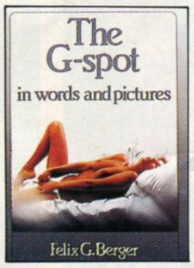
Heisse Liebe

HEISSE LIEBE (Hot Love)
More beauties with well hung studs demonstrate their favourite positions; it's endless sex that never ends.



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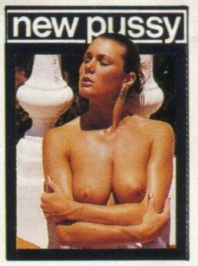

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amelia

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"Guys love my shiny red convertible," purred the gorgeous 22-year-old, revealing her

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Photographs by Scott Evans

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YOUNG sexy lady seeks modelling work, not shy. 0836 403 703

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SOLDIER or sailor wanted for fulfilling sexual relationship. I'm young, a bit plump with squeezable breasts. I'm also disgustingly horny. Call me. 0836 403 705.

RANDY convent educated nympho, just 18, dark hair, top heavy (38″) wants sex all the time. Phone Mary on 0836 403 706.

DRESSED like a tart no man can resist me. 0836 403 707.

MY husband calls me a slut but he's just boring. Really dirty men call me on 0836 403 708 strictly for fun.

ARE you frustrated? I can relieve you now. Just all 0836 403 709. I need to talk dirty.

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PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0836 403 721.

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VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breasts like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0836 403 724.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0836 403 725.

GIRL, good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0836 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0836 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0836 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0836 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0836 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to at out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0836 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0836 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdo's. I want to try everything. Phone. 0836 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0836 403 734.

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SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only phone. 0836 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29), understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0836 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0836 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0836 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0836 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them. if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only. 0836 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0836 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytimne on 0836 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex an mutual satisfaction. Ring. 0836 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bi-sexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0836 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0836 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0836 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0836 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0836 403 749.

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laura

Lovely Laura's got a taste for the good things in life: champagne, caviar, and guys with very well-packed wallets!

"I like to be treated like a lady," coos the 19-year-old secretary from Cambridge. *"Little presents like silky undies and red roses prove that a guy's interested in more than a fumble in the back row of the pictures or a quickie in his car!*

"I like being spoiled in bed too," confesses the blushing blonde bombshell. *"If you've only got a*

Photographs by Jack Harrison

few minutes to spare, forget it! What really turns me on is when a guy takes the time to explore every inch of my body, touching and tasting me all over. It's not unusual for me to spend a whole day in bed with a guy who really excites me."

Well, she may be a tough prize to win, guys... but just look at the reward! ♣

COMING IN

club

Yes, it's our special all-stripey edition! In a revolutionary move unprecedented in British publishing, next month's Club will exclusively feature only stripey girls. Whetting your palate here is Josie, who wasn't striped when she first appeared some months ago, but has had a stripe transplant specially to make her eligible for this epoch-making magazine first. Why on earth do we write this crap? If you've got any sense you'll buy the next issue anyway.♣

Volume 20 Number 8
On sale July 18

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 43

breath, Debbie walked into the living-room and retrieved her silk panties. She took my dick and wrapped the panties around my cock and started circling the tip of my cock with her tongue. Pretty soon my cock had regained its stiffness. Debbie then threw the knickers on the floor and straddled me where I sat. Easing her dripping cunt onto my stiff pole she started to ride me for all she was worth. As she bounced up and down on my cock I grabbed hold of her tits and rubbed her big pink nipples. I heard her moan and groan loudly as she impaled herself deeper on my cock, and then she let out a loud scream as she came.

I thrust faster and Debbie was screaming the place down as I felt my balls tighten and I released my hot load into her tight cunt.

After that the three of us shared a bath together and we continued our sexy escapades in Samantha's bedroom. I certainly went to work with a smile on my face the next day, I can tell you! — *Mark, Coventry*

One, Two, Tree...

My name's Gina, and I'm quite small and bouncy with a cracking set of breasts. A lot of guys fancy me, but to separate the men from the boys I insist that to have a hope of making love to me they have to think of an original place to do it. I pick the best suggestion out of a hat and me and the winner go for the awards ceremony!

The best sex I ever had was up a tree in a park in London. Sounds weird I know, but let me explain...

My best winner ever was Sean, a hunk of a guy who I'd fancied for ages. In fact I did cheat a bit when I knew he'd entered my naughty competition, by picking out his entry without looking at the rest. To a disappointed groan from the others we went off hand in hand to the local park where Sean picked out an ideal tree.

AIR
FARE
TO
SOUTH
POLE
NEEDED

"Here, I'll help you up," he said, lifting me and giving my bum cheeks a squeeze. That sent shivers right through me! He lifted me above his head and I grabbed a branch, and while I swung in the air, he slid his hand up my skirt and ran his fingers up my thigh. I nearly lost my grip, as I felt a delicious tingling in my pussy lips. I looked down to see Sean smiling up at me.

"How does that feel?" he said, sliding his fingers between my cunt lips and deep into my pussy. I squealed with delight and cried, "Get up here quickly!"

Sean climbed up the tree and helped me onto a wider branch. He undid his flies and his massive dick popped out. He kissed me and pulled my skirt right up, then pushing my lacy briefs to one side, he slid his huge cock into me. I gripped him with my legs, hanging onto the branch for dear life as he thrust deeply in and out. My pussy walls began to contract as a huge climax filled me, making me arch my back so much I nearly fell off the branch. I looked at Shaun who had a big smile on his face as he pushed his swollen cock deeper into me.

Suddenly I felt Shaun's body tense up and just then he gave a groan and shot his load deep inside me. We both fell onto the grass totally exhausted. It was the most exciting screw I've ever had, and has encouraged me to continue my sexy contest — but guess who always wins! — *Lisa, London* ♣

SON OF BAD JOKE

Some people will do anything for a Club T-shirt — and that includes sending in jokes like this. Take it away MJ from York... and don't send any more or we'll call the police.

After buying some cheap wine three tramps huddled under the bridge for the night and started drinking. Several hours later they all passed out. When morning came, two of the tramps woke to find that their friend had died in his sleep.

At the funeral service the two surviving tramps stood by the coffin of their departed friend.

"Jesus," remarked one, "Johnny looks really bad, eh?"

"Well, hell, he should," remarked the other. "He hasn't had a drink in a couple of days." ♣

FINAL SCORE

Do you love anyone enough to give them your last Rolo? ***Vinny Sprocket*** *lists 20 people who definitely wouldn't get his. (Personally, we'd give ours to the person who put five snaps of gorgeous girls on this page for no apparent reason!)...*

1. John Lennon
Reason: He's dead.

2. Little and Large
Reason: They should be dead.

3. Harry Cross from Brookside
Reason: He's a miserable old sod.

4. Mr Kipling
Reason: He makes exceedingly large amounts of money and he's only a bloody baker.

5. The VAT Inspector
Reason: You'd probably have to give the bastard 17% of your packet.

6. A wheel clamper
Reason: They're all a bunch of shandy-drinking wank-bags.

7. Jeremy Beadle
Reason: Pretty obvious, don't you think?

8. Bob Wilson
Reason: He doesn't like chocolate.

9. A bag lady
Reason: She'll have the wrapper out of the bin and eat that instead, so why waste a decent bit of chocolate on her.

10. Saddam Hussein
Reason: He's not a very nice man.

11. The bouncer at the door of you favourite nightclub
Reason: He'd throw it out.

12. The girl who wouldn't let you so much as play with her tits after you'd spent a fortune on wining and dining her
Reason: She's an ungrateful sod.

13. The bloke who owes you money and never has enough to pay you back, but always seems to have enough for a pint
Reason: He owes you money.

14. The person who invented car alarms
Reason: They're a fucking pain.

15. A reformed chocoholic
Reason: They wouldn't be interested.

16. The person who imported kebabs
Reason: They're fucking bad for you.

17. A cabbie
Reason: He'd moan that the tip wasn't enough.

18. A tabloid journalist
Reason: No-one loves a shit-stirrer.

19. A football referee
Reason: He's undoubtedly a bastard.

20. Any girlfriend who doesn't like giving you a blowjob
Reason: She's being selfish.♣

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